SUCH THINGS ARE,

A

PLAY,

IN

FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BY

MRS. INCHBALD.

TWELFTH EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE travels of an Engliſhman throughout Europe, and even in ſome parts of Aſia, to ſoften the ſorrows of the Priſoner, excited in the mind of the Author the ſubject of the following pages, which, formed into a dramatic ſtory, has produced from the Theatre a profit far exceeding the uſual pecuniary advantages ariſing from a ſucceſsful Play.

The uncertainty in what part of the Eaſt the hero of the preſent drama was diſpenſing his benevolence, at the time it was written, induced the writer to fix the ſcene on the iſland of Sumatra; where the Engliſh ſettlement, the ſyſtem of government, and every deſcription of the manners of the people, reconcile the incidents of the Play to the ſtricteſt degree of probability.

PROLOGUE,

Written by THOMAS VAUGHAN, Eſq.

Spoken by Mr. HOLMAN.

HOW ſay you, critic Gods*, and you below †;
Are you all friends?—or here—and there—a foe?
Come to protect your *literary* trade,
Which Mrs. *Scribble* dare *again* invade—
But know you not—*in all* the fair ones do,
'Tis not to pleaſe themſelves alone—but you.
Then who ſo churliſh, or ſo cynic grown,
Would wiſh to change a *ſimper* for a *frown*?
Or who ſo jealous of their own *dear* quill,
Would point the paragraph her fame to kill?
Yet ſuch there are, in this all-ſcribbling town,
And men of letters too—of ſome renown,
Who ſicken at all merit but their own.
But ſure 'twere more for Wit's—for Honour's ſake,
To make the Drama's *race*—*the give and take.*
[*Looking round the houſe.*
My hint I ſee's approv'd—ſo pray begin it,
And praiſe us—*roundly* for the *good things* in it;
Nor let ſeverity our faults expoſe,
When godlike Homer's ſelf was known to doze.

But of the piece—Methinks I hear you hint,
Some dozen lines or more ſhould give the tint—
" Tell how *Sir John* with *Lady Betty*'s maid
" Is caught intriguing at a maſquerade;

---

* Galleries. † Pit.

" Which

" Which Lady Betty, in a jealous fit,
" Reſents, by flirting with *Sir Ben*—the cit.
" Whoſe *three*-feet ſpouſe, to modiſh follies bent,
" Miſtakes a *ſix*-feet Valet—for a Gent.
" Whilſt Miſs, repugnant to her Guardian's plan,
" Elopes in Breeches with her fav'rite man."
Such are the *hints* we read in *Roſcius'* days,
By way of Prologue uſhered in *their* plays.
But *we*, like Miniſters and cautious ſpies,
In *ſecret meaſures* think—the merit lies.
Yet ſhall the Muſe thus far unveil the plot—
This play was *tragi-comically* got,
Thoſe ſympathetic ſorrows to impart
Which harmonize the feelings of the heart;
And may at leaſt this humble merit boaſt,
A ſtructure founded on fair *Fancy*'s coaſt.
With you it reſts that judgment to proclaim,
Which *in the world* muſt raiſe or ſink it's fame.
Yet ere her judges ſign their laſt report,
'Tis you [*to the boxes*] muſt recommend her to the Court;
Whoſe ſmiles, like *Cynthia*, in a winter's night,
Will cheer our wand'rer with a gleam of light.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Iſland of Sumatra, in the Eaſt Indies.*

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

Sultan,	Mr. Farren,
Lord Flint,	Mr. Davies,
Sir Luke Tremor,	Mr. Quick,
Mr. Twineall,	Mr. Lewis,
Mr. Haſwell,	Mr. Pope,
Elvirus,	Mr. Holman,
Mr. Meanright,	Mr. Macready,
Zedan,	Mr. Fearon,
Firſt Keeper,	Mr. Thompſon,
Second Keeper,	Mr. Cubitt,
Firſt Priſoner,	Mr. Helme,
Second Priſoner,	Mr. Gardener,
Guard,	Mr. Blurton,
Meſſenger,	Mr. Ledger.

WOMEN.

Lady Tremor,	Mrs. Mattocks,
Aurelia,	Miſs Wilkinſon,
Female Priſoner,	Mrs. Pope.

Time of Repreſentation, Twelve Hours.

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A PLAY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

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SCENE I. *A Parlour at Sir* Luke Tremor's.

Enter Sir Luke, *followed by Lady* Tremor.

Sir Luke.

I TELL you, Madam, you are two-and-thirty.

Lady Tremor. I tell you, Sir, you are miſtaken.

Sir Luke. Why, did not you come over from England exactly ſixteen years ago?

Lady. Not ſo long.

Sir Luke. Have not we been married, the tenth of next April, ſixteen years?

Lady. Not ſo long.

Sir Luke. Did you not come over the year of the great Eclipſe? anſwer me that.

Lady. I don't remember it.

Sir Luke. But I do—and ſhall remember it as long as I live.—The firſt time I ſaw you, was in the garden of the Dutch Envoy; you were looking through a glaſs at the ſun—I immediately began to make love to you, and the whole affair was

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ſettled while the eclipſe laſted—juſt one hour, eleven minutes, and three ſeconds.

Lady. But what is all this to my age?

Sir Luke. Becauſe I know you were at that time near ſeventeen—and without one qualification except your youth, and your fine cloaths.

Lady. Sir Luke, Sir Luke, this is not to be borne—

Sir Luke. Oh! yes—I forgot—you had two letters of recommendation, from two great families in England.

Lady. Letters of recommendation!

Sir Luke. Yes; your character——that, you know, is all the fortune we poor Engliſhmen, ſituated in India, expect with a wife who croſſes the ſea at the hazard of her life, to make us happy.

Lady. And what but our characters would you have us bring? Do you ſuppoſe any lady ever came to India, who brought along with her, friends, or fortune?

Sir Luke. No, my dear—and what is worſe—ſhe ſeldom leaves them behind.

Lady. No matter, Sir Luke—but if I delivered to you a good character——

Sir Luke. Yes, my dear you did—and if you were to aſk me for it again, I can't ſay I could give it you.

Lady. How uncivil! how unlike are your manners to the manners of my Lord Flint.

Sir Luke. Ay—you are never ſo happy as when you have an opportunity of expreſſing your admiration of him.—A diſagreeable, nay, a very dangerous man—one is never ſure of one's ſelf in his preſence—he carries every thing he hears to the miniſters of our ſuſpicious Sultan—and I feel my head ſhake whenever I am in his company.

Lady. How different does his Lordſhip appear to me—to me he is all *politeſſe*.

Sir

Sir Luke. *Politeſſe!* how ſhou'd you underſtand what is real *politeſſe?* You know your education was very much confined.

Lady. And if it *was* confined?——I beg, Sir Luke, you will ceaſe theſe reflections—you know they are what I can't bear! [*walks about in a paſſion.*] Pray, does not his Lordſhip continually aſſure me, I might be taken for a Counteſs, were it not for a certain little groveling toſs I have caught with my head—and a certain little confined hitch in my walk? both which I learnt of *you*—learnt by looking ſo much at *you*—

Sir Luke. And now if you don't take care, by looking ſo much at his Lordſhip, you may catch ſome of his defects.

Lady. I know of very few he has.

Sir Luke. I know of many—beſides thoſe he aſſumes.

Lady. Aſſumes!!

Sir Luke. Yes; do you ſuppoſe he is as forgetful as he pretends to be? no, no—but becauſe he is a favourite with the Sultan, and all our great men, he thinks it genteel or convenient to have no memory—and yet I'll anſwer for it, he has one of the beſt in the univerſe.

Lady. I don't believe your charge.

Sir Luke. Why, though he forgets his appointments with his tradeſmen, did you ever hear of his forgetting to go to court when a place was to be diſpoſed of? Did he ever make a blunder, and ſend a bribe to a man out of power? Did he ever forget to kneel before the Prince of this Iſland—or to look in his highneſs's preſence like the ſtatue of Patient-reſignation, in humble expectation?

Lady. Dear, Sir Luke——

Sir Luke. Sent from his own country in his very infancy, and brought up in the different

courts of petty, arbitrary Princes here in Aſia; he is the ſlave of every rich man, and the tyrant of every poor one.

Lady. "Petty Princes!"—'tis well his highneſs our Sultan does not hear you.

Sir Luke. 'Tis well he does not.—Don't you repeat what I ſay—but you know how all this fine country is haraſſed and laid waſte by a ſet of Princes, Sultans, as they ſtyle themſelves, and I know not what—who are for ever calling out to each other "that's mine," and "that's mine;"—and "you have no buſineſs here"—and "you have no buſineſs there"—and "*I* have buſineſs every where;" [*Struting*] then "give *me* this,"—and "give *me* that;" and "take this, and take that."

[*makes ſigns of fighting.*]

Lady. A every elegant deſcription truly.

Sir Luke. Why, you know 'tis all matter of fact: and Lord Flint, brought up from his youth among theſe people, has not one *trait* of an Engliſhman about him—he has imbibed all this country's cruelty, and I dare ſay wou'd mind no more ſeeing me hung up by my thumbs; or made to dance upon a red-hot gridiron——

Lady. That is one of the tortures I never heard of!—O! I ſhould like to ſee that of all things!

Sir Luke. Yes, by keeping this man's company, you'll ſoon be as cruel as he is: he will teach you every vice—a conſequential—grave—dull—and yet with that degree of levity, which dares to pay addreſſes to a woman, even before her huſband's face.

Lady. Did not you declare, this minute, his Lordſhip had not a *trait* of his own country about him?

Sir Luke. Well, well—as you ſay, that laſt *is* a *trait* of his own country.

Enter

Enter Servant *and* Lord Flint.

Serv. Lord Flint— [*Exit* Servant.

Lady. My Lord, I am extremely glad to ſee you—we were juſt mentioning your name.

Lord. Were you, indeed, Madam? You do me great honour.

Sir Luke. No, my Lord—no great honour.

Lord. Pardon me, Sir Luke.

Sir Luke. But, I aſſure you, my Lord, what I ſaid, did *myſelf* a great deal.

Lady. Yes, my Lord, and I'll acquaint your Lordſhip what it was. [*going up to him.*

Sir Luke. [*Pulling her aſide*] Why, you wou'd not inform againſt me ſure! Do you know what would be the conſequence? My head muſt anſwer it. [*frightened.*]

Lord. Nay, Sir Luke, I inſiſt upon knowing.

Sir Luke. [*To her*] Huſh—huſh——no, my Lord, pray excuſe me—your Lordſhip perhaps may think what I ſaid did not come from my heart; and I aſſure you, upon my honour, it did.

Lady. O, yes—that I am ſure it did.

Lord. I am extremely obliged to you. [*bowing.*

Sir Luke. O, no, my Lord, not at all—not at all.—[*aſide to her.*] I'll be extremely obliged to *you*, if you will hold your tongue.—Pray, my Lord, are you engaged out to dinner to-day? for her Ladyſhip and I are.

Lady. Yes, my Lord, and we ſhould be happy to find your Lordſhip of the party.

Lord. "Engaged out to dinner"?—egad very likely—very likely—but if I am—I have poſitively forgotten where.

Lady. We are going to——

Lord. No—I think (now you put me in mind

of it) I think I have company to dine with me.—I am either going out to dinner, or have company to dine with me; but I really can't tell which: however my people know——but I can't recollect.

Sir Luke. Perhaps your Lordſhip *has* dined; can you recollect that?

Lord. No, no—I have not dined——what's o'clock?

Lady. Perhaps, my Lord, you have not breakfaſted.

Lord. O, yes, I've breakfaſted—I think ſo—but upon my word theſe things are very difficult to remember.

Sir Luke. They are indeed, my Lord—and I wiſh all my family wou'd entirely forget them.

Lord. What did your Ladyſhip ſay was o'clock?

Lady. Exactly twelve, my Lord.

Lord. Bleſs me! I ought to have been ſome where elſe then—an abſolute engagement.—I have broke my word—a poſitive appointment.

Lady. Shall I ſend a ſervant.

Lord. No, no, no, no—by no means—it can't be helped now—and they know my unfortunate failing—beſides, I'll beg their pardon, and I truſt that will be ample ſatisfaction.

Lady. You are very good, my Lord, not to leave us.

Lord. I cou'd not think of leaving you ſo ſoon,—the happineſs I enjoy in your ſociety is ſo extreme.—

Sir Luke. And were your Lordſhip to go away now, you might never remember to come again.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. A Gentleman, Sir, juſt landed from on board an Engliſh veſſel, ſays, he has letters to preſent to you.

Sir Luke. Shew him in—[*Exit* Servant.] *He* has brought his character too, I ſuppoſe—and left it *behind*, too, perhaps.

Enter Mr. Twineall, *in a faſhionable undreſs.*

Twi. Sir Luke, I have the honour of preſenting to you, [*gives letters*] one from my Lord Cleland—one from Sir Thomas Shoeſtring—one from Colonel Fril.

Sir Luke. [*Aſide*] Who in the name of wonder have my friends recommended?—[*reads while Lord* Flint *and the Lady talk apart*] No—as I live, he is a gentleman, and the ſon of a Lord—[*going to Lady* Tremor.] My dear, that is a gentleman, notwithſtanding his appearance—don't laugh—but let me introduce you to him.

Lady. A gentleman! certainly—I did not look at him before—but now I can perceive it.

Sir Luke. Mr. Twineall, give me leave to introduce Lady Tremor to you, and my Lord Flint—this, my Lord, is the Honourable Mr. Twineall from England, who will do me the favour to remain in my houſe, till he is ſettled to his mind in ſome poſt here. [*They bow.*] I beg your pardon, Sir, for the ſomewhat cool reception Lady Tremor and I at firſt gave you—but I dare ſay her Ladyſhip was under the ſame miſtake as myſelf—and I muſt own I took you at firſt ſight for ſomething very different from the perſon you prove to be: for really no Engliſh ſhips having arrived in this harbour for

theſe

theſe five years paſt, and the dreſs of Engliſh gentlemen being ſo much altered ſince that time—

Twi. But, I hope, Sir Luke, if it is, the alteration meets with your approbation.

Lady. O!—it is extremely elegant and becoming.

Sir Luke. Yes, my dear, I don't doubt but you think ſo; for I remember you uſed to make your favourite monkey wear juſt ſuch a jacket, when he went out a viſiting.

Twin. Was he your favourite, Madam?—Sir, you are very obliging. [*Bowing to Sir Luke.*]

Sir Luke. My Lord, if it were poſſible for your Lordſhip to call to your *remembrance* ſuch a trifle—

Lady. Dear Sir Luke—— [*Pulling him.*

Lord. Egad, I believe I do call to my remembrance—[*Gravely conſidering.*]—Not, I aſſure you, Sir, that I perceive any great reſemblance—or, if it was ſo—I dare ſay it is merely in the dreſs—— which I muſt own ſtrikes me as moſt ridiculous—very ridiculous indeed.——

Twi. My Lord!

Lord. I beg pardon, if I have ſaid any thing that——Lady Tremor, what did I ſay?——make my apology, if I have ſaid any thing improper—you know my unhappy failing.

[*Goes up the ſtage.*

Lady. [*to Twineall.*] Sir, his Lordſhip has made a miſtake in the word "ridiculous," which I am ſure he did not mean to ſay—but he is apt to make uſe of one word for another—his Lordſhip has been ſo long out of England, that he may be ſaid in ſome meaſure to have forgotten his native language.

[*His Lordſhip all this time appears conſequentially abſent.*

Twi. You have perfectly explained, Madam.—Indeed I ought to have been convinced, without

without your explanation, that if his Lordſhip made uſe of the word *ridiculous*, even intentionally, that the word had now changed its former ſenſe, and was become a mode to expreſs ſatisfaction—or he wou'd not have uſed it in the very forcible manner he did, to a perfect ſtranger.

Sir Luke. What, Mr. Twineall, have you new faſhions for *words* too in England, as well as for dreſſes?—and are you equally extravagant in their adoption?

Lady. I never heard, Sir Luke, but that the faſhion of words varied, as well as the faſhion of every thing elſe.

Twi. But what is moſt extraordinary—we have now a faſhion in England, of ſpeaking without any words at all.

Lady. Pray, Sir, how is that?

Sir Luke. Ay, do, Mr. Twineall, teach my wife to do without words, and I ſhall be very much obliged to you—it will be a great accompliſhment. Even you, my Lord, ought to be attentive to this faſhion.

Twi. Why, Madam, for inſtance, when a gentleman is aſked a queſtion which is either troubleſome or improper to anſwer, he does not ſay he *won't* anſwer it, even though he ſpeaks to an inferior——but he ſays——"really it appears to me e-e-e-e-e—[*mutters and ſhrugs*]—that is—mo-mo-mo-mo-mo—[*mutters*]—if you ſee the thing—for my part——te-te-te-te——and that's all I can tell about it at preſent.

Sir Luke. And you have told nothing!

Twi. Nothing upon earth.

Lady. But mayn't one gueſs what you mean?

Twi. O, yes—perfectly at liberty to gueſs.

Sir Luke. Well, I'll be ſhot if I *could* gueſs.

Twi. And again—when an impertinent pedant

aſks you a queſtion which you know nothing about, and it may not be convenient to ſay ſo—you anſwer boldly, "why really, Sir, my opinion is, that the Greek poet—he-he-he-he—[*mutters*]—we-we-we-we—you ſee—if his ideas were—and if the Latin tranſlator—mis-mis-mis-mis—[*ſhrugs*]——that I ſhou'd think—in my humble opinion.—But the Doctor may know better than I."

Sir Luke. The Doctor muſt know very little elſe.

Twi. Or in caſe of a duel, where one does not care to ſay who was right, or who was wrong—you anſwer—"*This*, Sir, is the ſtate of the matter—Mr. F— came firſt—te-te-te-te—on that—be-be-be-be—if the other—in ſhort—[*whiſpers*]—whis-whis-whis-whis"——

Sir Luke. What?

Twi. "There, now you have it—there it is—but don't ſay a word about it—or, if you do—don't ſay it came from me."

Lady. Why, you have not told a word of the ſtory!

Twi. But that your auditor muſt not ſay to you—that's not the faſhion—he never tells you that—he may ſay—"You have not made yourſelf *perfectly* clear;"—or he may ſay—"He muſt have the matter more particularly pointed out ſomewhere elſe;"—but that is all the auditor can ſay with good breeding.

Lady. A very pretty method indeed to ſatisfy curioſity!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Haſwell.

Sir Luke. This is a countryman of ours, Mr. Twineall, and a very worthy man I aſſure you.

Enter Mr. Haſwell.

Sir Luke. Mr. Haſwell, how do you do?
[*Warmly.*

Haſ. Sir Luke, I am glad to ſee you.——Lady Tremor, how do you do? [*He bows to the reſt.*

Lady. O, Mr. Haſwell, I am extremely glad you are come—here is a young adventurer juſt arrived from England, who has been giving us ſuch a ſtrange account of all that's going on there!
[*Introducing Twineall.*

Haſ. Sir, you are welcome to India.
[*Sir Luke whiſpers Haſwell.*
Indeed!—*his* ſon.

Lady. Do, Mr. Haſwell, talk to him—he can give you great information.

Haſ. I am glad of it—I ſhall then hear many things I am impatient to become acquainted with. [*Goes up to Twineall.*] Mr. Twineall, I have the honour of knowing your father, extremely well—he holds his ſeat in Parliament ſtill, I preſume?

Twi. He does, Sir.

Haſ. And your uncle, Sir Charles?

Twi. Both, Sir,—both in Parliament ſtill.

Haſ. Pray, has any act in behalf of the poor clergy taken place?

Twi. In behalf of the poor clergy, Sir?—I'll tell you—I'll tell you, Sir.——As to that act—concerning—[*ſhrugs and mutters*]—em-em-em-em—the Committee—em-em—ways and means—hee-hee—te-te-te—[*Sir Luke, Lady, and Lord Flint laugh.*] My father and my uncle both think ſo, I aſſure you.

Haſ. Think *how*, Sir?

Sir Luke. Nay, that's not good breeding—you muſt aſk no more queſtions.

Haſ. Why not?

Sir Luke. Becauſe—we-we-we-we—[*mimicks*]—he knows nothing about the matter.

Haſ. What,—not know?

Twi. Yes, Sir, perfectly acquainted with every thing that paſſes in the houſe—but I aſſure you, that when parliamentary buſineſs is reported.—— By the bye, Sir Luke, permit me, in my turn, to make a few inquiries concerning the ſtate of this country.

[*Sir Luke ſtarts, and fixes his eyes ſuſpiciouſly on Lord Flint.*

Sir Luke. Why, one does not like to ſpeak much about the country one lives in.—But Mr. Haſwell, you have been viſiting our encampments; *you* may tell us what is going on there.

Lady. Pray, Mr. Haſwell, is it true that the Sultan cut off the head of one of his wives the other day becauſe ſhe ſaid to him—"I won't?"

Sir Luke. Do, my dear, be ſilent.

Lady. I won't.

Sir Luke. O, that the Sultan had you inſtead of me!

Lady. And with my head off, I ſuppoſe?

Sir Luke. No, my dear; in that ſtate, I ſhou'd have no objection to you myſelf.

Lady. [*Aſide to Sir Luke.*] Now, I'll frighten you ten times more.—But, Mr. Haſwell, I am told there are many perſons ſuſpected of diſaffection to the preſent Sultan, who have been lately, by his orders, arreſted, and ſold to ſlavery, notwithſtanding there was no proof againſt them produced.

Haſ. Proof!——in a State ſuch as this, the charge is quite ſufficient.

Sir Luke. [*In apparent agonies, wiſhing to turn the diſcourſe.*] Well, my Lord, and how does your Lordſhip find yourſelf this afternoon?—this morning

morning, I mean—Bleſs my ſoul! why I begin to be as forgetful as your Lordſhip.

[*Smiling and fawning.*

Lady. How I pity the poor creatures!

Sir Luke. [*Aſide to Lady.*] Take care what you ſay before that tool of ſtate—look at him, and tremble for your head.

Lady. Look at him, and tremble for your own.—And ſo, Mr. Haſwell, all this is true?—and ſome perſons of family too, I am told, dragged from their homes, and ſent to ſlavery merely on ſuſpicion?

Haſ. Yet, leſs do I pity thoſe, than ſome, whom priſons and dungeons crammed before, are yet prepared to receive.

Lord. Mr. Haſwell, ſuch is the Sultan's pleaſure.

Sir Luke. Will your Lordſhip take a turn in the garden; it looks from this door very pleaſant;—does not it, my Lord?

Lady. But pray, Mr. Haſwell, has not the Sultan ſent for you to attend at his palace this morning?

Haſ. He has, Madam.

Lady. There! I heard he had, but Sir Luke ſaid not.—I am told he thinks himſelf under the greateſt obligations to you.

Haſ. The report has flattered me—but if his highneſs *ſhou'd* think himſelf under obligations, I can readily point a way, by which he may acquit himſelf of them.

Lady. In the mean time, I am ſure, you feel for thoſe poor ſufferers.

Haſ. [*With ſtifled emotion.*] Sir Luke, good morning to you—I call'd upon ſome trifling buſineſs, but I have out-ſtaid my time, and there-

fore

fore I'll call again in a couple of hours.—Lady Tremor, good morning—my Lord—Mr. Twineall—[*Bows, and exit.*

Twi. Sir Luke, your garden *does* look ſo divinely beautiful—

Sir Luke. Come, my Lord, will you take a turn in it? Come Mr. Twineall—come my dear.—[*taking her hand.*] I can't think what buſineſs Mr. Haſwell has to ſpeak to me upon!—for my part, I am quite a plain man, and buſy myſelf about no one's affairs, except my own—but I dare ſay your Lordſhip has forgotten all we have been talking about.

Lord. If you permit me, Sir Luke, I'll hand Lady Tremor.

Sir Luke. Certainly, my Lord, if you pleaſe—come, Mr. Twineall, and I'll conduct you.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Sir* Luke Tremor's.

Enter Twineall *and* Meanright.

Twi. MY dear friend, after ſo long a ſeparation, how deviliſh unlucky that you ſhou'd, on the very day of my arrival, be going to ſet ſail for another part of the world! yet before you go, I muſt beg a favour of you.—You know Sir Luke and his family perfectly well, I dare ſay?

Mean. I think ſo—I have been in his houſe near ſix years.

Twi. The very perſon on earth I wanted!—Sir Luke has power here, I ſuppoſe?—a word from him might do a man ſome ſervice perhaps? [*significantly.*

Mean. Why, yes; I don't know a man who has more influence at a certain place.

Twi. And Lady Tremor ſeems a very clever gentlewoman?

Mean. Very.

Twi. And I have a notion they think *me* very clever.

Mean. I dare ſay they do.

Twi. Yes—but I mean *very* clever.

Mean. No doubt!

Twi. But, my dear friend, you muſt help me to make them think better of me ſtill—and when

my

my fortune is made, I'll make *yours*—for when I once become acquainted with people's diſpoſitions, their little weakneſſes, foibles and faults, I can wind, twiſt, twine, and get into the corner of every one's heart, and lie ſo ſnug, they can't know I'm there, till they want to pull me out, and find 'tis impoſſible.

Mean. Excellent talent!

Twi. Is not it? And now, my dear friend, do you inform me of the ſecret diſpoſitions, and propenſities of every one in this family, and that of all their connections.—What Lady values herſelf upon one qualification, and what Lady upon another?—What Gentleman will like to be told of his accompliſhments? or what man would rather hear of his wife's, or his daughter's?—or of his horſes? or of his dogs?—now, my dear Ned, acquaint me with all this; and within a fortnight I will become the moſt neceſſary raſcal——not a creature ſhall know how to exiſt without me.

Mean. Why ſuch a man as you ought to have made your fortune in England.

Twi. No, there,—my father, and my three uncles monopolized all the great men themſelves; and wou'd never introduce me where I was likely to become their rival.—This—this is the very ſpot for me to diſplay my genius.—But then I muſt firſt penetrate the people, unleſs you will kindly ſave me that trouble.—Come, give me all their characters—all their little propenſities—all their whims—in ſhort, all I am to praiſe, and all I am to avoid praiſing, in order to endear myſelf to them. [*Takes out tablets.*] Come—begin with Sir Luke.

Mean. Sir Luke—values himſelf more upon perſonal bravery, than upon any thing.

Twi.

Twi. Thank you, my dear friend—thank you. [*Writes*] Was he ever in the army?

Mean. Oh yes—beſieged a capital fortreſs, a few years ago—and now, the very name of a battle or a great general tickles his vanity, and he takes all the praiſes you can laviſh upon the ſubject as compliments to himſelf.

Twi. Thank you—thank you a thouſand times.—[*Writes*] I'll mention a battle very ſoon.

Mean. Not directly.

Twi. O, no—let me alone for time and place.—Go on, my friend—go on—her Ladyſhip—

Mean. Deſcended from the ancient kings of Scotland.

Twi. You don't ſay ſo!

Mean. And though ſhe is ſo nicely ſcrupulous as never to mention the word genealogy, yet I have ſeen her agitation ſo great, when the advantages of high birth have been extoll'd, that ſhe could ſcarcely with-hold her ſentiments of triumph; which in order to diſguiſe, ſhe has aſſumed a diſdain for all "vain titles—empty ſounds—and idle pomp."

Twi. Thank you—thank you—this is a moſt excellent *trait* of the Lady's.—[*Writes*] "Pedigree of the kings of Scotland?" O, I have her at once.

Mean. Yet do it nicely—oblique touches, rather than open explanations.

Twi. Let me alone for that.

Mean. She has, I know, in her poſſeſſion—but I dare ſay ſhe wou'd not ſhow it you, nay, on the contrary, would *affect* to be highly offended, were you to mention it—and yet it certainly would flatter her, to know you were acquainted with her having it——

Twi. What—what—what is it?

Mean. A large old-faſhioned wig—which Mal-

colm the third or fourth, her great anceſtor, wore when he was crowned at Scone, in the year ——

Twi. I'll mention it.

Mean. Take care.

Twi. O, let me alone for the *manner*.

Mean. She'll pretend to be angry.

Twi. That I am prepared for.—Pray who is my Lord Flint?

Mean. A deep man—and a great favourite at court.

Twi. Indeed!—how am I to pleaſe him?

Mean. By inſinuations againſt the *preſent* Sultan.

Twi. Indeed!

Mean. With all his pretended attachment, his heart——

Twi. Are you *ſure* of it?

Mean. Sure:—he blinds Sir Luke, (who by the bye is no great politician) but I know his Lordſhip—and if he thought he was certain of his ground—and he thinks he *ſhall* be ſoon—then—

Twi. I'll inſinuate myſelf and join his party; but, in the mean time, preſerve good terms with Sir Luke, in caſe any thing ſhou'd fall in my way there.—Who is Mr. Haſwell?

Mean. He pretends to be a man of principle and ſentiment—flatter him on that.

Twi. The eaſieſt thing in the world — no characters love flattery better than ſuch as thoſe.—They will bear even to hear their *vices* praiſed.—I will myſelf undertake to praiſe the vices of a man of ſentiment till he ſhall think them ſo many virtues.—You have mentioned no Ladies yet, but the Lady of the houſe.

Mean. I know little about any other, except a pretty girl who came over from England, about two years ago, for a huſband, and not ſucceeding in a diſtant part of the country, was recommended

to this houſe—and has been here three or four months.

Twi. Let me alone, to pleaſe her.

Mean. Yes—I believe you are ſkilled.

Twi. In the art of flattery, no one more.

Mean. But damn it—it is not a liberal art.

Twi. It is a great ſcience, notwithſtanding—and ſtudied, at preſent, by all wiſe men.—Zounds! I have ſtaid a long time—I can't attend to any more characters at preſent—Sir Luke and his Lady will think me inattentive, if I don't join them—Shall I ſee you again?—if not—I wiſh you a pleaſant voyage—I'll make the moſt of what you have told me—you'll hear I'm a great man—Heaven bleſs you! — good bye! — you'll hear I'm a great man. [*Exit.*

Mean. And, if I am not miſtaken, I ſhall hear you are turned out of this houſe before to-morrow morning. O, Twineall! exactly the *reverſe* of every character have you now before you.—The greateſt misfortune in the life of Sir Luke has been, flying from his regiment in the midſt of an engagement, and a moſt humiliating degradation in conſequence; which makes him ſo feelingly alive on the ſubject of a battle, that nothing but his want of courage can ſecure my friend Twineall's life for venturing to name the ſubject.—Then my Lord Flint, firmly attached to the intereſt of the Sultan, will be all on fire, when he hears of open diſaffection. — But moſt of all Lady Tremor! whoſe father was a grocer, and uncle, a noted advertiſing "Periwig-maker on a new conſtruction." She will run mad to hear of births, titles, and long pedigrees.—Poor Twineall! little doſt thou think what is prepared for thee.—There is Mr. Haſwell too—but to him have I ſent you to be reclaimed—to him,—who, free from faults, or even foibles,

of his own, has yet more potently received the bleſſing——of pity for his neighbours. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The inſide of a Priſon.*

Several Priſoners diſperſed in different ſituations.

Enter Keeper *and* Haſwell *with lights.*

Keep. This way, Sir—the priſons this way are more extenſive ſtill.—You ſeem to feel for thoſe unthinking men: but they are a ſet of unruly people, whom no ſeverity can make ſuch as they ought to be.

Haſ. And wou'd not gentleneſs, or mercy, do you think, reclaim them?

Keep. That I can't ſay—we never make uſe of thoſe means in this part of the world.—That man yonder, ſuſpected of diſaffection, is ſentenced to be here for life, unleſs his friends can lay down a large ſum by way of penalty; which he finds they cannot do, and he is turned melancholy.

Haſ. [*After a pauſe.*] Who is that? [*To another.*

Keep. He has been try'd for heading an inſurrection, and acquitted.

Haſ. What keeps him here?

Keep. Fees due to the Court—a debt contracted while he proved his innocence.

Haſ. Lead on, my friend—let us go to ſome other part. [*Putting his hand to his eyes.*

Keep. In the ward, we are going to, are the priſoners, who by ſome ſmall reſerve of money—ſome little ſtock when they arrived—or by the bounty of ſome friends who viſit them—or ſuch-like fortunate circumſtance, are in a leſs diſmal place.

Haſ. Lead on.

Keep.

Keep. But ſtop—put on this cloak: for, before we arrive at the place I mention, we muſt paſs a damp vault, which to thoſe who are not uſed to it—[Haſwell *puts on the cloak*]—Or will you poſtpone your viſit?

Haſ. No—go on.

Keep. Alas! who wou'd ſuppoſe you had been uſed to ſee ſuch places!—you look concerned—grieved to ſee the people ſuffer—I wonder you ſhou'd come, when you ſeem to think ſo much about them.

Haſ. Oh! that, that is the very reaſon.

[*Exit, following the Keeper.*

[Zedan, *a tawny Indian Priſoner, follows them, ſtealing out, as if intent on ſomething ſecret.*]

Two Priſoners walk ſlowly down the Stage, looking after Haſwell.

1*ſt Priſ.* Who is this man?

2*d Priſ.* From Britain—I have ſeen him once before.

1*ſt Priſ.* He looks pale—he has no heart.

2*d Pri.* I believe, a pretty large one.

Re-enter Zedan.

Zed. Brother, a word with you. [*To the* 1*ſt Priſoner, the other retires*] As the ſtranger and our keeper paſſed by the paſſage, a noxious vapour put out the light, and as they groped along I purloined *this* from the ſtranger—*Shews a pocket book*] ſee it contains two notes will pay our ranſom.

[*Shewing the notes.*

1*ſt Priſ.* A treaſure—our certain ranſom!

Zed. Liberty! our wives, our children, and our friends, will theſe papers purchaſe.

1*ſt Priſ.* What a bribe for our Keeper! He may rejoice too.

Zed.

Zed. And then the pleaſure it will be to hear the ſtranger fret, and complain for his loſs!—O, how my heart loves to ſee ſorrow!—Miſery, ſuch as I have known, dealt to men who ſpurn me—who treat me as if (in my own Iſland) I had no friends who loved me—no ſervants who paid me honour—no children who revered me——taſk maſters, forgetful that I am a huſband — a father — nay, a *man.*

1ſt Priſ. Conceal your thoughts—conceal your treaſure too—or the Briton's complaint—

Zed. Will be in vain—our Keeper will conclude the prize muſt come to him, at laſt, and therefore make no great ſearch for it—here, in the corner of my belt [*Puts up the pocket book*] 'twill be ſecure—Come this way, and let us indulge our pleaſant proſpect. [*They retire, and the ſcene cloſes.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the Priſon.*

A kind of ſopha with an old man ſleeping upon it— Elvirus *ſitting attentively by him.*

Enter Keeper and Haſwell.

Keep. That young man, watching his aged father as he ſleeps, by the help of fees gains his admiſſion — and he never quits the place, except to go and purchaſe cordials for the old man, who, (though healthy and ſtrong when he was firſt a priſoner) is now become languid and ill.

Haſ. Are they from Europe?

Keep. No—but deſcended from Europeans—ſee how the youth holds his father's hand!—I have ſometimes caught him bathing it with tears.

Haſ. I'll ſpeak to the young man. [*Going to him.*

Keep. *He* will ſpeak as ſoon as he ſees me—he has ſent a petition to the Sultan about his father, and

and never fails to inquire if a reply is come. [*They approach*—Elvirus *ſtarts and comes forward*]

Elv. [*To* Haſwell] Sir, do you come from Court? has the Sultan received my humble ſupplication? Can you tell?—ſoftly—let not my father hear you ſpeak.

Haſ. I come but as a ſtranger, to ſee the priſon.

Elv. No anſwer yet, Keeper?

Keep. No—I told you it was in vain to implore—they never read petitions ſent from priſons—their hearts are hardened to ſuch worn-out tales of ſorrow. [Elvirus *turns towards his father and weeps.*

Haſ. Pardon me, Sir—but what is the requeſt you are thus denied?

Elv. Behold my father! but three months has he been confined here; and yet—unleſs he breathes a purer air—O, if *you* have influence at Court, Sir, pray repreſent what paſſes in this dreary priſon—what paſſes in my heart.——My ſupplication is to remain a priſoner here, while my father, releaſed, ſhall retire to his paternal eſtate; and never more take arms againſt the preſent government, but at the peril of my life.—Or if the Sultan wou'd allow me to ſerve him as a ſoldier—

Haſ. You would fight againſt the party your father fought for?

Elv. [*Starting.*] No—but in the foreſts—or on the deſert ſands—amongſt thoſe ſlaves who are ſent to battle with the wild Indians—there I wou'd go—and earn the boon I aſk——or in the mines—

Haſ. Give me your name—I will, at leaſt, preſent your ſuit—and, perhaps—

Elv. Sir! do you think it is likely? Joyful hearing!

Haſ. Nay, be not too haſty in your hopes—I cannot

cannot *anſwer* for my ſucceſs. [*Repeats*] "Your "father humbly implores to be releaſed from "priſon—and, in his ſtead, *you* take his chains— "or, for the Sultan's ſervice, fight as a ſlave, or "dig in his mines?"

Elv. Exactly, Sir—that is the petition—I thank you, Sir.

Keep. You don't know, young man, what it *is* to dig in mines—or fight againſt foes, who make their priſoners die by unheard-of tortures.

Elv. *You* do not know, Sir, what it *is*—to ſee a parent ſuffer.

Haſ. [*Writing*] Your name, Sir?

Elv. Elvirus Caſimir.

Haſ. Your father's?

Elv. The ſame—one who followed agriculture in the fields of Symria—but, induced by the call of freedom—

Haſ. How? have a care.

Elv. I thank you—his ſon, by the call of nature, ſupplicates his freedom.

Keep. The rebel, you find, breaks out.

Elv. [*Aſide to the Keeper.*] Silence—ſilence! he forgives it—don't remind him—don't undo my hopes.

Haſ. I will ſerve you if I can.

Elv. And I will merit it—indeed I will—you ſhall not complain of me—I will be—

Haſ. Retire—I truſt you. [Elvirus *bows lowly, and retires.*]

Keep. Yonder cell contains a female priſoner.

Haſ. A female priſoner!

Keep. Without a friend or comforter, ſhe has exiſted there theſe many years—nearly fifteen.

Haſ. Is it poſſible!

Keep. Wou'd you wiſh to ſee her?

Haſ. If it won't give her pain.

Keep.

Keep. At leaſt, ſhe'll not reſent it—for ſhe ſeldom complains, except in moans to herſelf.—[*Goes to the cell.*] Lady, here is one come to viſit all the priſoners—pleaſe to appear before him.

Haſ. I thank you—you ſpeak with reverence and reſpect to her.

Keep. She has been of ſome note, though now totally unfriended—at leaſt, we *think* ſhe has, from her gentle manners; and our governor is in the daily expectation of ſome liberal ranſom for her; this makes her impriſonment without hope of releaſe, till that day arrives—[*Going to the cell*]—Take my hand—you are weak. [*He leads her from the cell—ſhe appears faint—and as if the light affected her eyes*—Haſwell *pulls off his hat, and, after a pauſe*—

Haſ. I fear you are not in health, Lady?

[*She looks at him ſolemnly for ſome time.*

Keep. Speak—Madam, ſpeak.

Priſ. No—not very well. [*Faintingly.*

Haſ. Where are your friends? When do you expect your ranſom?

Priſ. [*Shaking her head.*] Never.

Keep. She perſiſts to ſay ſo; thinking by that declaration, we ſhall releaſe her *without* a ranſom.

Haſ. Is that your motive?

Priſ. I know no motive for a falſehood.

Haſ. I was to blame—pardon me.

Keep. Your anſwers are ſomewhat more proud than uſual. [*He retires up the ſtage.*

Priſ. They are.—[*To* Haſwell] Forgive me—I am mild with all theſe people—but from a countenance like yours—I could not bear reproach.

Haſ. You flatter me.

Priſ. Alas! Sir, and what have I to hope from ſuch a meanneſs?—You do not come to ranſom me.

Haſ. Perhaps I do.

Priſ. Oh! do not ſay ſo—unleſs—unleſs—I am not to be deceived. Pardon in your turn this ſuſpicion—but when I have ſo much to hope for—when the ſun, the air, fields, woods, and all that wonderous world, wherein I have been ſo happy, is in proſpect; forgive me, if the vaſt hope makes me fear.

Haſ. Unleſs your ranſom is fixed at ſomething beyond my power to give, I *will* releaſe you.

Priſ. Releaſe me! Benevolent!

Haſ. How ſhall I mark you down in my petition? [*Takes out his book*] what name?

Priſ. 'Tis almoſt blotted from my memory. [*Weeping*

Keep. It is of little note—a female priſoner, taken with the rebel party, and in theſe cells confined for fifteen years.

Priſ. During which time I have demeaned myſelf with all humility to my governors—neither have I diſtracted my fellow priſoners with a complaint that might recall to their memory their own unhappy fate—I have been obedient, patient; and cheriſhed hope to chear me with vain dreams, while deſpair poſſeſs'd my reaſon.

Haſ. Retire—I will preſent the picture you have given.

Priſ. And be ſucceſsful—or, never let me ſee you more. [*She goes up the ſtage.*

Haſ. So it ſhall be.

Priſ. [*Returns*] Or, if you ſhou'd miſcarry in your views [for who forms plans that do not ſometimes fail?] I will not reproach you even to *myſelf*——no—nor will I ſuffer *much* from the diſappointment—merely that you may not have, what I ſuffer, to account for. [*Exit to her cell.*

Haſ. Excellent mind!

Keep. In this cell— [*Going to another.*

Haſ. No—take me away—I have enough to do for thoſe I have ſeen—I dare not ſee more at preſent.— [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *The former Priſon Scene.*

Enter Zedan.

Zed. They are coming—I'll ſtand here in his ſight, that, ſhou'd he miſs what I have taken, he may not ſuſpect me to be the robber, but ſuppoſe it is one who has hid himſelf.

Enter Keeper *and* Haſwell.

Keep. [*To* Zedan] What makes you here?—ſtill moping by yourſelf, and lamenting for your family?—[*To* Haſwell] that man, the moſt ferocious I ever met with—laments, ſometimes even with tears, the ſeparation from his wife and children.

Haſ. [*Going to him*] I am ſorry for you, friend —[Zedan *looks ſullen and moroſe*] I pity you.

Keep. Yes—he had a pleaſant hamlet on the neighbouring iſland — plenty of fruits — clear ſprings—and wholeſome roots—and now complains bitterly of his repaſts—four rice, and muddy water. [*Exit Keeper.*

Haſ. Poor man! bear your ſorrows nobly.—And as we are alone—no miſerable eye to grudge the favour—[*Looking round*] take this trifle—[*Gives money*] it will at leaſt make your meals better for a few ſhort weeks; till Heaven may pleaſe to favour you with a leſs ſharp remembrance of the happineſs you have loſt.—Farewell. [*Going.*] [Zedan *catches hold of him, and taking the pocket-book from his belt, puts it into* Haſwell's *hand.*]

Haſ. What's this?

Zed. I meant to gain my liberty with it—but I will not vex you.

Haſ. How came you by it?

Zed. Stole it—and wou'd have ſtabb'd you too, had you been alone—but I am glad I did not—Oh! I am glad I did not.

Haſ. You like me then?

Zed. [*Shakes his head and holds his heart.*] 'Tis ſomething that I never felt before—it makes me like not only you, but all the world beſides.—The love of my family was confined to them alone; but this ſenſation makes me love even my enemies.

Haſ. Oh, nature! grateful! mild! gentle! and forgiving!—worſt of tyrants they, who, by hard uſage, drive you to be cruel!

Re-enter Keeper.

Keep. The lights are ready, Sir, through the dark paſſage—[*To* Zedan.] Go to your fellows.

Haſ. [*To* Zedan.] Farewell—we will meet again.

[Zedan *exit on one ſide*, Haſwell *and* Keeper *exeunt on the other.*

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Sir* Luke Tremor's.

Enter Sir Luke *and* Aurelia

Sir Luke.

WHY, then Aurelia, (though I never mention'd it to my Lady Tremor) my friend wrote me word, he had reaſon to ſuppoſe your affections were improperly fixed upon a young gentleman in that neighbourhood; and this was his reaſon for wiſhing you to leave that place to come hither —and this continual dejection convinces me my friend was not miſtaken—anſwer me—can you ſay he was?

Aur. Sir Luke, candidly to confeſs—

Sir Luke. Nay, no tears—why in tears? for a huſband? be comforted—we'll get you one ere long, I warrant.

Aur. Dear, Sir Luke, how can you imagine I am in tears becauſe I have not a huſband, while you ſee Lady Tremor every day in tears for the very oppoſite cauſe?

Sir Luke. No matter—women like to have a huſband through pride—and I have known a woman marry from that very motive, even a man ſhe has been aſhamed of.

Aur. Perhaps Lady Tremor married from pride.

Sir

Sir Luke. Yes;—and I'll let her know pride is painful.

Aur. But, Sir, her Ladyſhip's philoſophy—

Sir Luke. She has no philoſophy.

[*Enter Lady* Tremor *and* Twineall.

Sir Luke. Where is my Lord Flint? What have you done with him?

Lady. He's ſpeaking a word to Mr. Meanright about his paſſport to England.—Did you mean me, Sir Luke, who has no philoſophy? I proteſt, I have a great deal.

Sir Luke. When did you ſhew it?

Lady. When the ſervant at my Lady Griſſel's threw a whole urn of boiling water upon your legs. Did I then give any proofs of female weakneſs? did I faint, ſcream, or even ſhed a tear?

Sir Luke. No, very true: and while I lay ſprawling on the carpet, I could ſee you holding the ſmelling bottle to the Lady of the houſe, begging of her not to make herſelf uneaſy, "for "that the accident was of no manner of con-"ſequence."—

Aur. Dear Sir, don't be angry;—I am ſure her Ladyſhip ſpoke as ſhe thought.

Sir Luke. I ſuppoſe ſhe did, Miſs.

Aur. I mean—ſhe thought the accident might be eaſily—She thought you might be eaſily recovered.

Lady. No, indeed, I did not—but I thought Sir Luke had frequently charged me with the want of patience; and that moment, the very thing in the world I cou'd have wiſh'd, occurred—on purpoſe to give me an opportunity to prove his accuſation falſe.

Sir Luke. Very well, Madam—but did not the whole

whole company cenſure your behaviour? did not they ſay, it was not the conduct of a wife?

Lady. Only our particular acquaintance cou'd ſay ſo—for the reſt of the company, I am ſure, did not take me to be your wife—thank Heaven, our appearances never betray that ſecret—do you think we look like the ſame fleſh and blood?

Sir Luke. That day, in particular, we did not —for I remember you had been no leſs than three hours at your toilet.

Aur. And, indeed, Sir Luke, if you were to uſe milk of roſes, and ſeveral other things of the ſame kind, you can't think how much more like a fine gentleman you wou'd look.—Such things as thoſe make, almoſt, all the difference between you and ſuch a man as Mr. Twineall.

Twi. No, pardon me, Madam—a face like *mine* may uſe thoſe things—but in Sir Luke's, they wou'd entirely deſtroy that fine martial appearance [*Sir* Luke *looks confounded*] which women, as well as men, admire—for, as valour is the firſt ornament of *our* ſex——

Lady. What are you ſaying, Mr. Twineall? [*Aſide.*] I'll keep him on this ſubject if I can.

Twi. I was going to obſerve, Madam—that the reputation of a General.—Which puts me in mind, Sir Luke, of an account I read of a battle—[*He croſſes over to* Sir Luke, *who turns up the Stage in the utmoſt confuſion, and ſteals out of the room.*]

Lady. Well, Sir—go on—go on—you were going to introduce—

Twi. A battle, Madam—but, Sir Luke is gone!

Lady. Never mind that, Sir,—he generally runs away on theſe occaſions.

Sir Luke. [*Coming back*] What were you ſaying, Aurelia, about a huſband?

Lady.

Lady. She did not ſpeak.

Sir Luke. To be ſure, Ladies in India do get huſbands very ſoon.

Twi. Not always, I am told, Sir Luke—— Women of family, [*fixing his eyes ſtedfaſtly on Lady* Tremor.] indeed, may ſoon enter into the matrimonial ſtate—but the rich men in India, we are told in England, are grown of late very cautious with whom they marry, and there is not a man of any repute that will now look upon a woman as a wife, unleſs ſhe is deſcended from a good family. [*Looking at Lady* Tremor, *who walks up the Stage and ſteals out of the room, juſt as Sir* Luke *had done before.*

Sir Luke. I am very ſorry—very ſorry to ſay, Mr. Twineall, that has not been always the caſe.

Twi. Then I am very ſorry too, Sir Luke; for it is as much impoſſible that a woman, who is not born of an ancient family, can be—

[*Lady* Tremor *returns.*

Sir Luke. That is juſt what I ſay—they *cannot* be—

Lady. Sir Luke, let me tell you—

Sir Luke. It does not ſignify *telling*, my dear,—you have *proved* it.

Lady. [*To* Twineall.] Sir, let me tell *you*—

Twi. O! O! my dear Madam, 'tis all in vain—there is no ſuch thing—it can't be—there is no pleading againſt conviction—a perſon of low birth muſt, in every particular, be a terrible creature.

Sir Luke. [*Going to her.*] A terrible creature! a terrible creature!

Lady. Here comes my Lord Flint—I'll appeal to him.

Enter

Enter Lord Flint.

Sir Luke. [*Going to him.*] My Lord, I was ſaying, as proof that our great Sultan, who now fills this throne, is no impoſtor, as the rebel party wou'd inſinuate, no low-born man, but of the Royal Stock; his conduct palpably evinces—for, had he not been nobly born, we ſhou'd have beheld the Plebeian burſting forth upon all occaſions [*Looking at Lady* Tremor]—and Plebeian manners who can ſupport?

Lady. Provoking! [*Goes up the ſtage.*

Lord. Sir Luke, is there a doubt of the Emperor's birth and title? he is the real Sultan, depend upon it—it ſurpriſes me to hear you talk with the ſmalleſt uncertainty.

Twi. Indeed, Sir Luke, I wonder at it too: [*Aſide to Lord* Flint.] and yet, damn me, my Lord, if I have not my doubts. [*Lord* Flint *ſtarts.*

Sir Luke. I, my Lord? far be it from me! I was only ſaying what other people have ſaid; for my part *I* never harboured a doubt of the kind. [*Aſide.*] My head begins to nod, only for that word—pray Heaven, I may die with it on!—I ſhou'd not like to loſe my head—nor ſhou'd I like to die by a bullet—nor by a ſword—and a cannon ball wou'd be as diſagreeable, as any thing, I know: —it is very ſtrange that I never yet could make up my mind, in what manner I ſhou'd like to go out of the world. [*During this ſpeech*, Twineall *is paying court to Lord* Flint; *they come forward and Sir* Luke *retires.*

Lord. Your temerity aſtoniſhes me!

Twi. I muſt own, my Lord, I feel ſomewhat aukward in ſaying it to your Lordſhip—but my own heart—my own conſcience—my own ſentiments—they *are* my own—and they are dear to

me.—So it is—the Sultan does not appear to me [*with ſignificance.*] that great man ſome people think him.

Lord. Sir, you aſtoniſh me—pray what is your name? I have forgotten it.

Twi. Twineall, my Lord—the honourable Henry Twineall—your Lordſhip does me great honour to aſk.—Landed this morning from England, as your Lordſhip may remember—in the ſhip Mercury, my Lord—and all the officers on board ſpeaking with the higheſt admiration and warmeſt terms of your Lordſhip's official character.

Lord. Why, then, Mr. Twineall, I am very ſorry—

Twi. And ſo am I, my Lord, that your ſentiments and mine ſhou'd ſo far diſagree, as I *know* they do.—I am not unacquainted with your firm adherence to the Sultan—but I am unuſed to diſguiſe my thoughts—I cou'd not, if I wou'd—I have no little views—no ſiniſter motives—no plots—no intrigues—no ſchemes of preferment,—and I verily believe, that if a piſtol was now directed to my heart—or a large penſion directed to my pocket—(in the firſt caſe at leaſt) I ſhou'd ſpeak my mind.

Lord. [*Aſide.*] A dangerous young man this! and I may make ſomething of the diſcovery.

Twi. [*Aſide.*] It tickles him to the ſoul, I find.—My Lord, now I begin to be warm on the ſubject, I feel myſelf quite agitated—and, from the intelligence which I have heard, even when I was in England,—there is every reaſon to ſuppoſe——exm—exm—exm—[*Mutters.*]

Lord. What, Sir? what?

Twi. You underſtand me.

Lord. No,—explain.

Twi.

Twi. Why, then, there is every reaſon to ſuppoſe—ſome people are not what they ſhou'd be—pardon my ſuſpicions, if they are wrong.

Lord. I *do* pardon your thoughts, with all my heart—but your words, young man, you muſt anſwer for [*Aſide.*] Lady Tremor, good morning.

Twi. [*Aſide.*] He is going to ruminate on my ſentiments, I dare ſay.

Lady. Shall we have your Lordſhip's company in the evening? Mr. Haſwell will be here; if your Lordſhip has no objection?

Sir Luke. How do you know Mr. Haſwell will be here?

Lady. Becauſe he has juſt called, in his way to the Palace, and ſaid ſo: and he has been telling us ſome of the moſt intereſting ſtories!

Sir Luke. Of his morning viſits, I ſuppoſe—I heard Meanright ſay, he ſaw him very buſy—

Lady. Sir Luke and I dine out, my Lord; but we ſhall return early in the evening.

Lord. I will be here, without fail.—Sir Luke, a word with you if you pleaſe—[*They come forward.*] Mr. Twineall has taken ſome very improper liberties with the Sultan's name, and I muſt inſiſt on making him accountable for them.

Sir Luke. My Lord, you are extremely welcome [*Trembling.*] to do whatever your Lordſhip pleaſes with any one belonging to me, or to my houſe—but I hope your Lordſhip will pay ſome regard to the maſter of it.

Lord. O! great regard to the maſter—and to the miſtreſs alſo.—But for that gentleman——

Sir Luke. Do *what* your Lordſhip pleaſes.

Lord. I will—and I will make him—

Sir Luke. If your Lordſhip does not forget it.

Lord. I ſhan't forget it, Sir Luke—I have a very good memory, when I pleaſe.

me.—So it is—the Sultan does not appear to me [*with ſignificance.*] that great man ſome people think him.

Lord. Sir, you aſtoniſh me—pray what is your name? I have forgotten it.

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Twi. [*Aſide.*] It tickles him to the ſoul, I find.—My Lord, now I begin to be warm on the ſubject, I feel myſelf quite agitated—and, from the intelligence which I have heard, even when I was in England,—there is every reaſon to ſuppoſe——exm—exm—exm—[*Mutters.*]

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Lord. I *do* pardon your thoughts, with all my heart—but your words, young man, you muſt anſwer for [*Aſide.*] Lady Tremor, good morning.

Twi. [*Aſide.*] He is going to ruminate on my ſentiments, I dare ſay.

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Lord. O! great regard to the maſter—and to the miſtreſs alſo.—But for that gentleman——

Sir Luke. Do *what* your Lordſhip pleaſes.

Lord. I will—and I will make him—

Sir Luke. If your Lordſhip does not forget it.

Lord. I ſhan't forget it, Sir Luke—I have a very good memory, when I pleaſe.

Sir Luke. I don't in the leaſt doubt it, my Lord —I never did doubt it.

Lord. And I can be very ſevere, Sir Luke, when I pleaſe.

Sir Luke. I don't in the leaſt doubt it, my Lord —I never did doubt it.

Lord. You may depend upon ſeeing me here in the evening—and then you ſhall find I have not threatened more than I mean to perform—good morning!

Sir Luke. Good morning, my Lord—I don't in the leaſt doubt it. [*Exit Lord* Flint.

Lady. [*Coming forward with* Twineall.] For Heaven's ſake, Mr. Twineall, what has birth to do with—

Twi. It has to do with *every thing*,—even with beauty—and I wiſh I may ſuffer death, if a woman, with all the mental and perſonal accompliſhments of the fineſt creature in the world, wou'd to me be of the leaſt value, if lowly born.

Sir Luke. I ſincerely wiſh every man who viſits me, was of the ſame opinion.

Aur. For ſhame, Mr. Twineall! perſons of mean birth ought not to be deſpiſed for what it was not in their power to prevent—and if it is a misfortune, you ſhould conſider them only as objects of pity.

Twi. And ſo I do pity them—and ſo I do—moſt ſincerely—poor creatures! [*Looking on Lady* Tremor.

Sir Luke. Aye, now he has atoned moſt properly.

Lady. Mr. Twineall, let me tell you—

Sir Luke. My dear Lady Tremor—[*Taking her aſide.*] let him alone—let him go on—there is ſomething preparing for him he little expects—ſo let the poor man ſay and do what he pleaſes, for the preſent—it won't laſt long—for he has offended

my

my Lord Flint, and, I dare ſay his Lordſhip will be able, upon ſome account or another, to get him impriſoned for life.

Lady. Impriſoned! Why not take off his head at once?

Sir Luke. Well, my dear—I am ſure I have no objection; and I dare ſay my Lord will have it done, to oblige you.—Egad, I muſt make friends with her to keep mine ſafe. [*Aſide.*

Lady. Do you mean to take him out to dinner with us?

Sir Luke. Yes, my dear, if you approve of it—not elſe.

Lady. You are become extremely polite.

Sir Luke. Yes, my dear, his Lordſhip has taught me how to be polite.—Mr. Twineall, Lady Tremor and I are going to prepare for our viſit, and I will ſend a ſervant to ſhew you to your apartment, to dreſs, for you will favour us with your company, I hope?

Twi. Certainly, Sir Luke, I ſhall do myſelf the honour.

Lady. Come this way, Aurelia, I can't bear to look at him. [*Exit with* Aurelia.

Sir Luke. Nor I to *think* of him. [*Exit.*

Twi. If I have not ſettled my buſineſs in this family, I am miſtaken—they ſeem to be but of one opinion about me.—Deviliſh clever fellow, egad!—I am the man to ſend into the world—ſuch a volatile, good-looking ſcoundrel too, that no one ſuſpects me.——To be ſure I am under ſome few obligations to my friend for letting me into the different characters of the family—and yet I don't know whether I am obliged to him or not—for if he had not made me acquainted with them, I ſhou'd ſoon have had the ſkill to find them out myſelf.—No; I will not think myſelf under any obligation

obligation to him—it is very inconvenient for a gentleman to be under obligations. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Palace. The Sultan diſcovered with guards and officers attending.*

Haſwell *is conducted in by an officer.*

Sul. Sir, you were invited hither to receive public thanks, for our troops reſtored to health, by your preſcriptions.—Aſk a reward adequate to your ſervices.

Haſ. Sultan, the reward I aſk, is to preſerve more of your people ſtill.

Sul. How, more? my ſubjects are in health—no contagion reigns amongſt them.

Haſ. The priſoner is your ſubject—there, miſery—more contagious than diſeaſe—preys on the lives of hundreds: ſentenced but to confinement, their doom is death.—Immured in damp and dreary vaults, they daily periſh—and who can tell but that among theſe many hapleſs ſufferers, there may be hearts, bent down with penitence to Heaven and you, for every ſlight offence—there may be ſome among the wretched multitude, even innocent victims—Let me ſeek them out—let me ſave them, and you.

Sul. Amazement! retract your application—curb this weak pity; and receive our thanks.

Haſ. Reſtrain my pity?—and what can I receive in recompence for that ſoft bond, which links me to the wretched?—and while it ſooths their ſorrow, repays me more than all the gifts an empire could beſtow.——But, if repugnant to your plan of government, I apply not in the name of pity—but of juſtice.

Sul. Juſtice!——

Haſ.

Haſ. The juſtice which forbids all, but the worſt of criminals, to be denied that wholeſome air the very brute creation freely takes.

Sul. Conſider, for whom you plead—for men, (if not baſe culprits) ſo miſled, ſo depraved, they are dangerous to our ſtate, and deſerve none of its bleſſings.

Haſ. If not upon the undeſerving,—if not upon the hapleſs wanderer from the paths of rectitude,—where ſhall the ſun diffuſe his light, or the clouds diſtil their dew? Where ſhall ſpring breathe fragrance, or autumn pour its plenty?

Sul. Sir, your ſentiments, ſtill more your character, excite my curioſity. They tell me, that in our camps, you viſited each ſick man's bed,—adminiſtered yourſelf the healing draught, encouraged our ſavages with the hope of life, or pointed out their *better* hope in death.——The widow ſpeaks your charities—the orphan liſps your bounties—and the rough Indian melts in tears to bleſs you.——I wiſh to aſk *why* you have done all this?—What is it which prompts you thus to befriend the wretched and forlorn?

Haſ. In vain for me to explain: the time it wou'd take to reveal to you.—

Sul. Satisfy my curioſity in writing then.

Haſ. Nay, if you will *read*, I'll ſend a book, in which is *already* written why I act thus.

Sul. What book?—What is it called?

Haſ. "The Chriſtian Doctrine." [Haſwell *bows here with the utmoſt reverence.*] There you will find—all I have done was but my duty.

Sul. [*To the Guards.*] Retire, and leave me alone with the ſtranger. [*All retire except* Haſwell *and the* Sultan. *They come forward.*]

Sul. Your words recall reflections that diſtract me;

me; nor can I bear the preſſure on my mind without confeſſing—I am a Chriſtian.

Haſ. A Chriſtian!—What makes you thus aſſume the apoſtate?

Sul. Miſery and deſpair.

Haſ. What made you a Chriſtian?

Sul. My Arabella,—a lovely European, ſent hither in her youth, by her mercenary parents, to ſell herſelf to the prince of all theſe territories. But 'twas my happy lot, in humble life, to win her love, ſnatch her from his expecting arms, and bear her far away—where, in peaceful ſolitude we lived, till, in the heat of the rebellion againſt the late Sultan, I was forced from my happy home to take a part.—I choſe the imputed rebels ſide, and fought for the young aſpirer.—An arrow, in the midſt of the engagement, pierced his heart; and his officers, alarmed at the terror this ſtroke of fate might cauſe among their troops, urged me (as I bore a ſtrong reſemblance to him) to counterfeit a greater ſtill, and ſhew myſelf to the ſoldiers as their king recovered. I yielded to their ſuit, becauſe it gave me ample power to avenge the loſs of my Arabella, who had been taken from her home by the mercileſs foe, and barbarouſly murdered.

Haſ. Murdered!

Sul. I learnt ſo—and my fruitleſs ſearch to find her has confirmed the intelligence.—Frantic for her loſs, I joyfully embraced a ſcheme which promiſed vengeance on the enemy—it proſpered,—and I revenged my wrongs and her's, with ſuch unſparing juſtice on the oppoſite army and their king; that even the men who made me what I am, trembled to reveal their impoſition; and for their intereſt ſtill continue it.

Haſ. Amazement!

Sul.

Sul. Nay, they fill my priſons every day with wretches, who but whiſper I am not their real Sultan. The ſecret, therefore, I myſelf boldly relate in private: the danger is to him who ſpeaks it again; and, with this caution, I truſt, it is ſafe with you.

Haſ. It was, without that caution.—Now hear my anſwer to your tale.——Involved in deeds, in cruelties, at which your better thoughts revolt, the meaneſt wretch your camps or priſons hold, claims not half the compaſſion *you* have excited. Permit me, then, to be your comforter.

Sul. Impoſſible!

Haſ. In the moſt fatal ſymptoms I have undertaken the body's cure. The mind's diſeaſe, perhaps, I'm not leſs a ſtranger to—Oh! truſt the noble patient to my care.

Sul. What medicine will you apply?

Haſ. Lead you to behold the wretched in their miſery, and then ſhew you yourſelf in their deliverer.——I have your promiſe for a boon—'tis this.—Give me the liberty of ſix whom I ſhall name, now in confinement, and be yourſelf a witneſs of their enlargement.—See joy lighted in the countenance where ſorrow ſtill has left its rough remains.—Behold the tear of rapture chaſe away that of anguiſh—hear the faultering voice, long uſed to lamentation, in broken accents, utter thanks and bleſſings.—Behold this ſcene, and if you find the preſcription ineffectual, diſhonour your phyſician.

Sul. I will make trial of it.

Haſ. Come, then, to the governor's houſe this very night—into that council room ſo often perverted to the uſe of the torture; and there, unknown to thoſe I ſhall releaſe, as their king, you

will be witneſs to all the grateful heart can dictate, and enjoy all, that benevolence can taſte.

Sul. I will meet you there.

Haſ. In the evening?

Sul. At ten preciſely.—Guards, conduct the ſtranger from the palace. [*Exit Sultan.*

Haſ. Thus far advanced, what changes may not be hoped for! [*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Sir* Luke's.

Enter Elvirus *and* Aurelia.

Elvirus.

OH my Aurelia! ſince the time I firſt ſaw you—ſince you left the pleaſant ſpot, where I firſt beheld you; what diſtreſs, what anguiſh have we known?

Aur. Your family?

Elv. Yes—and that cauſed the ſilence which I hope you have lamented.—I could not wound you with the recital of our misfortunes—and now, only with the ſad idea that I ſhall never ſee you more, am I come—to take my laſt farewel.

Aur. Is there a chance that we may never meet again?

Elv. There is—and I ſincerely hope it may prove ſo—to ſee you again, wou'd be again to behold my father pining in miſery.

Aur. Explain— [*A loud rapping at the door.*] That is, Sir Luke, and Lady Tremor—what ſhall I ſay, ſhou'd they come into this room? they ſuſpect I correſpond with ſome perſon in the country—who ſhall I tell them you are? upon what buſineſs can I ſay you are come?

Elv. To avoid all ſuſpicion of my real ſituation, and to inſure admittance, I put on this habit, and told the ſervant, when I inquired for you, I was juſt arrived from England—[*She ſtarts.*]

nay, it was but neceſſary I ſhould conceal who I was in this ſuſpicious place, or I might plunge a whole family in the imputed guilt of mine.

Aur. Good Heaven!

Elv. I feared, beſides, there was no other means; no likelihood to gain admiſſion—and what, what wou'd I not have ſacrificed, rather than have left you for ever without a laſt farewell? Think on theſe weighty cauſes, and pardon the deception.

Aur. But if I ſhould be aſked—

Elv. Say, as I have done—my ſtay muſt be ſo ſhort, it is impoſſible they ſhou'd detect me—for I muſt be back—

Aur. Where?

Elv. No matter where—I muſt be back before the evening—and wiſh never to ſee you more—I love you, Aurelia—O, how truly! and yet there is a love more dear, more ſacred ſtill.

Aur. You torture me with ſuſpence—Sir Luke is coming this way—what name ſhall I ſay, if he aſks me?

Elv. Glanmore—I announced that name to the ſervant.

Aur. You tremble.

Elv. The impoſition hurts me; and I feel as if I dreaded a detection, though 'tis ſcarce poſſible—Sorrows have made a coward of me—even the ſervant, I thought, looked at me with ſuſpicion, and I was both confounded and enraged.

Aur. Go into this apartment; I'll follow you.

[Elvirus *exit at a door.*

Sir Luke. [*Without.*] Abominable! provoking! impertinent! not to be borne!

Aur. [*Liſtening.*] Thank Heaven, Sir Luke is ſo perplexed with ſome affairs of his own, he may not think of mine. [*Exit to* Elvirus.

Enter Sir Luke, *followed by Lady* Tremor.

Sir Luke. I am out of all patience, and all temper—did you ever hear of ſuch a compleat impertinent coxcomb? Talk, talk, talk, continually! and referring to me on all occaſions! "Such "a man was a brave General—another a great "Admiral," and then he muſt tell a long ſtory about a ſiege, and aſk me if it did not make my boſom glow!

Lady. It had not that effect upon your face, for you were as white as aſhes.

Sir Luke. But, you did not ſee yourſelf, while he was talking of grandfathers and great grandfathers—if you had—

Lady. I was not white, I proteſt.

Sir Luke. No—but you were as red as ſcarlet.

Lady. And you ought to have reſented the inſult, if you ſaw me affected by it—Oh! ſome men wou'd have given him ſuch a dreſſing!

Sir Luke. Yes, my dear, if your uncle the friſſeur had been alive, he wou'd have given him a dreſſing, I dare ſay.

Lady. Sir Luke, none of your impertinence; you know I can't, I won't bear it—neither will I wait for Lord Flint's reſentment on Mr. Twincall—No, I deſire you will tell him to quit this roof immediately.

Sir Luke. My dear, you muſt excuſe me—I can't think of quarrelling with a gentleman in my own houſe.

Lady. Was it your own houſe to day at dinner when he inſulted us? and would you quarrel then?

Sir Luke. No— that was a friend's houſe—and I make it a rule never to quarrel in my own houſe—a friend's houſe—in a tavern—or in the ſtreets.

Lady. Well, then, I would quarrel in my own houſe,

houſe, a friend's houſe, a tavern, or in the ſtreets, if any one offended *me*.

Sir Luke. O, my dear, I have no doubt of it—no doubt, in the leaſt.

Lady. But, at preſent, it ſhall be in my own houſe,—and I will deſire Mr. Twineall to quit it immediately.

Sir Luke. Very well, my dear—pray do.

Lady. I ſuppoſe, however, I may tell him, I have your authority to bid him go?

Sir Luke. Tell him I have no authority—none in the world over you—but that you will do as you pleaſe.

Lady. I can't tell him ſo—he won't believe it.

Sir Luke. Why not? you tell me ſo, and *make* me believe it too.

Lady. Here the gentleman comes—go away for a moment.

Sir Luke. With all my heart, my dear.

[*Going in a hurry.*

Lady. I'll give him a few hints, that he muſt either change his mode of behaviour, or leave us.

Sir Luke. That's right—but don't be too warm—or if he ſhould be very impertinent, or inſolent—I hear Aurelia's voice in the next room—call *her*, and I dare ſay ſhe'll come and take your part. [*Exit Sir* Luke.

Enter Twineall.

Twi. I poſitively could paſs a whole day upon that ſtair-caſe—thoſe reverend faces!—I preſume they are the portraits of ſome of your Ladyſhip's illuſtrious anceſtors.

Lady. Sir! Mr. Twineall—give me leave to tell you— [*In a violent paſſion*

Twi.

Twi. The word illuſtrious, I find, diſpleaſes you—pardon me—I did not mean to make uſe of ſo forcible an epithet—I know the delicacy of ſentiment, which cannot bear the reflection that a few centuries only ſhou'd reduce from royalty, one, whoſe dignified deportment ſeems to have been formed for that reſplendent ſtation.

Lady. The man is certainly mad!—— Mr. Twineall—

Twi. Pardon me, Madam—I own I am an enthuſiaſt on theſe occaſions—the dignity of blood—

Lady. You have too much, I am ſure—do, have a little taken from you.

Twi. Gladly wou'd I loſe every drop that fills theſe plebeian veins, to be enobled by the ſmalleſt——

Lady. Pray, Sir, take up your abode in ſome other place.

Twi. Madam? [*Surpriſed.*

Lady. Your behaviour, Sir—

Twi. If my friend had not given me the hint, damn me if I ſhou'd not think her downright angry. [*Aſide.*

Lady. I can ſcarcely contain my rage at being ſo laugh'd at. [*Aſide.*

Twi. I'll mention the wig——this is the time—[*Aſide.*] Perhaps you may reſent it, Madam—but there is a favour—

Lady. A favour, Sir! Is this a time to aſk a favour?

Twi. To an admirer of antiquity, as I am—

Lady. Antiquity again!

Twi. I beg pardon——but——a wig—

Lady. A what? [*Petrified.*

Twi. A wig. [*Bowing.*

Lady. Oh! oh! oh! [*Choaking.*] this is not to be borne—this is too much—ah! ah! [*Sitting down,*

down, and going into fits.] a direct, plain, palpable, and unequivocal attack upon my family—without evaſion or palliative.—I can't bear it any longer.—Oh! oh!— [*Shrieking.*

Twi. Bleſs my ſoul, what ſhall I do? what's the matter?

Sir Luke. [*Without.*] Maids! maids! go to your miſtreſs—that good-for-nothing man is doing her a miſchief.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Dear Madam, what is the matter?

Enter Sir Luke, *and ſtands cloſe to the ſcenes.*

Lady. Oh! oh! [*Crying.*

Sir Luke. How do you do now, my dear?

Twi. Upon my word, Sir Luke—

Sir Luke. O, Sir, no apology—it does not ſignify—never mind it—I beg you won't put yourſelf to the trouble of an apology—it is of no kind of conſequence.

Lady. What do you mean, Sir Luke? [*Recovered.*

Sir Luke. To ſhew proper philoſophy, my dear, under the affliction I feel for your diſtreſs.

Lady. [*To* Aurelia.] Take Twineall out of the room.

Aur. Mr. Twineall, her Ladyſhip begs you'll leave the room, till ſhe is a little recovered.

Twi. Certainly. [*Bows reſpectfully to Lady Tremor, and exit with* Aurelia.

Sir Luke. I thought what you wou'd get by quarrelling—fits—and tears.

Lady. And you know, Sir Luke, if you had quarrelled, you wou'd have been in the ſame ſituation. [*Riſing from her ſeat.*] But, Sir Luke, my dear

dear Sir Luke, ſhow yourſelf a man of courage but on this occaſion.

Sir Luke. My dear, I wou'd do as much for you, as I wou'd for my own life—but damn me if I think I could fight to ſave that.

Enter Lord Flint.

Lord. Lady Tremor, did the ſervant ſay you were very well, or very ill?

Lady. O, my Lord, that inſolent coxcomb, the honourable Mr. Twineall—

Lord. I am very glad you put me in mind of him—I dare ſay I ſhou'd have forgot elſe, notwithſtanding I came on purpoſe.

Lady. Forgot what?

Lord. A little piece of paper here, [*Pulling out a parchment*] but it will do a great deal—has he offended you?

Lady. Beyond bearing.

Lord. I am glad of it, becauſe it gives double pleaſure to my vengeance—he is a diſaffected perſon—boldly told me he doubted the Sultan's right to the throne—I have informed againſt him, and his puniſhment is left to my diſcretion—I may have him impriſoned; ſhot; ſent to the gallies; or his head cut off—but which does your Ladyſhip chuſe?—Which ever you chuſe is at your ſervice. [*Bowing.*

Lady. [*Curtſying.*] O, they are all alike to me; which ever you pleaſe, my Lord.

Sir Luke. What a deal of ceremony! how cool they are upon the ſubject.

Lord. And why not cool, Sir; why not cool?

Sir Luke. O, very true—I am ſure it has frozen me.

Lord. I will go inſtantly, for fear it ſhou'd

ſlip my memory, and put this paper into the hands of proper officers. In the mean-time, Sir Luke, if you can talk with your viſitor, Mr. Twineall, do—inquire his opinion of the Sultan's rights—aſk his thoughts, as if you were commiſſioned by me—and, while he is revealing them to you, the officers ſhall be in ambuſh, ſurpriſe him in the midſt of his ſentiments, and bear him away to—

[Twineall *looking in.*

Twi. May I preſume to enquire how your Ladyſhip does?

Lady. O, yes—and pray walk in—I am quite recovered.

Lord. Lady Tremor, I bid you good day for the preſent.

Sir Luke. [*Following him to the door.*] Your Lordſhip won't forget?

Lord. No—depend upon it, I ſhall remember.

Sir Luke. Yes—and make ſome other people remember too. [*Exit Lord* Flint.

Twi. Is his Lordſhip gone? I am very ſorry.

Sir Luke. No—don't be uneaſy, he'll ſoon come back.

Enter Haſwell.

Sir Luke. Mr. Haſwell, I am glad to ſee you?

Haſ. I told Lady Tremor I would call in the evening, Sir Luke; and I have kept my word.—I hoped to meet my Lord Flint here, as I have ſome buſineſs on which I want to ſpeak to him; but he paſſed me at the door in ſuch great haſte he wou'd hardly allow me to aſk him how he did.—I hope your Ladyſhip is well this afternoon. [*Bows to* Twineall—*Sir* Luke *exit at the door to* Aurelia *and* Elvirus.

Twi. Pardon me, Mr. Haſwell, but I almoſt ſuſpect you heard of her Ladyſhip's indiſpoſition, and

and therefore paid this visit; for I am perfectly acquainted with your care and attention to all under affliction.

Haf. [*Bows gravely.*] Has your Ladyship been indispoſed?

Lady. A little—but I am much better.

Twi. Surely, of all virtues, charity is the firſt! it ſo protects our neighbour!

Haf. Do not you think, Sir, that *patience* frequently protects him as much?

Twi. Dear Sir—pity for the poor and miſerable—

Haf. Is oftener excited, than the poor and miſerable are aware of. [*Looking ſignificantly at him.*

Sir Luke. [*From the room where* Aurelia *and* Elvirus *are.*] Nay, Sir, I beg you will walk into this apartment—Aurelia, introduce the gentleman to Lady Tremor.

Lady. Who has ſhe with her?

Haf. Aurelia!—O! I have not ſeen her I know not when: and beſides my acquaintance with her relations in England, there is a frank ſimplicity in her manners that has won my friendſhip.

Enter Sir Luke, Aurelia, *and* Elvirus.

Sir Luke. You ſhou'd have introduced Mr. Glanmore before—I aſſure you, Sir, [*To* Elvirus.] I did not know, nor ſhou'd I have known, if I had not accidently come into that room.

[Haſwell *ſtarts, on ſeeing* Elvirus.

Sir Luke. [*To Lady* Tremor.] A relation of Aurelia's—a Mr. Glanmore, my dear, juſt arrived from England; who has call'd to paſs a few minutes with us, before he ſets off to the part of India he is to reſide in. [Elvirus *and* Aurelia *appear in confuſion.*

Lady. I hope, Sir, your ſtay with us will not be ſo ſhort as Sir Luke has mentioned?

Elv. Pardon me, Madam, it muſt—the caravan, with which I travel, goes off this evening, and I muſt accompany it.

Haſ. [*Aſide.*] I doubted my eyes: but his voice confirms me. [*Looking on* Elvirus.

Lady. Why, if you only arrived this morning, Mr. Glanmore? you came paſſenger in the ſame ſhip, with Mr. Twineall?

Twi. No, Madam—Sir, I am very ſorry we had not the pleaſure of your company on board of us. [*To* Elvirus.

Sir Luke. You had—Mr. Glanmore came over in the Mercury—did not you tell me ſo, Sir? [Elvirus *bows.*

Twi. Bleſs my ſoul, Sir? I beg your pardon—but ſurely that cannot be—I got acquainted with every ſoul on board of us—every creature—all their connections—and I can ſcarcely ſuppoſe you were of the number.

Sir Luke. [*Aſide.*] How impertinent he is to every body! O! that I had but courage to knock him down.

Elv. [*To* Twineall.] Perhaps, Sir—

Aur. Yes, I dare ſay, that was the caſe.

Twi. What was the caſe, Madam?

Sir Luke. Wha—wha—wha—[*Mimicks.*] that is not good breeding.

Haſ. Why do you bluſh, Aurelia?

Aur. Becauſe [*Heſitating.*] this gentleman—— came over in the ſame ſhip with Mr. Twineall.

Sir Luke. And I can't ſay I wonder at your bluſhing.

Twi. Why then poſitively, Sir, I thought I had known every paſſenger—and ſurely—

Lady. Mr. Twineall, your behaviour puts me out of all patience—did you not hear Mr. Glanmore

more ſay he came in the ſame veſſel; and is not that ſufficient.

Twi. Perfectly, Madam — perfectly — but I thought there might be ſome miſtake.

Elv. And there is, Sir—you find *you* are miſtaken.

Lady. I thought ſo.—

Haſ. [*To* Elvirus.] And you *did* come in the ſame veſſel?

Elv. Sir, do you doubt it?

Haſ. Doubt it?

Elv. Dare not doubt it.—[*Trembling and confuſed.*

Haſ. Dare not?

Elv. No, Sir, dare not. [*Violently.*

Aur. Oh, heavens!

Sir Luke. [*To* Aurelia.] Come, my dear, you and I will get out of the way. [*Retiring with her.*

Lady. O, dear!—for heaven's ſake!—Mr. Twineall, this is your doing.

Twi. Me, Madam!——

Haſ. I beg the company's pardon—but [*To* Elvirus.] a ſingle word with you, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Lady. Dear Mr. Haſwell——

Haſ. Truſt my prudence and forbearance, Madam—I will but ſpeak a word in private to this gentleman.—[Haſwell *takes* Elvirus *down to the bottom of the ſtage; the reſt retire.*

Haſ. Are you, or are you not, an impoſtor?

Elv. I am—I am—but do not you repeat my words—Do not *you* ſay it. [*Threatening.*

Haſ. What am I to fear?

Elv. Fear *me*—I cannot lie with fortitude; but I can——Beware of me.

Haſ. I *will* beware of you, and ſo ſhall all my friends.

Elv.

Elv. Inſolent, inſulting man.—[*With the utmoſt contempt.*

Lady Tremor *and the reſt come forward.*

Lady. Come, come, gentlemen, I hope you are now perfectly ſatisfied concerning this little miſunderſtanding—Let us change the ſubject.—Mr. Haſwell, have you been ſucceſsful before the Sultan for any of thoſe poor priſoners you viſited this morning?

Sir Luke. Aye; Meanright told me he ſaw you coming from them wrapt up in your long cloak; and he ſaid he ſhou'd not have known you, if ſomebody had not ſaid it was you.

[Elvirus *looks with ſurpriſe, confuſion, and repentance.*]

Lady. But what ſucceſs with the Sultan?

Haſ. He has granted me the pardon and freedom of any ſix whom I ſhall preſent as objects of his mercy.

Lady. I ſincerely rejoice:—Then the youth and his father, whom you felt ſo much for, I am ſure, will be in the number of thoſe who are to ſhare your interceſſion.

[Haſwell *makes no reply, and after a pauſe*]—

Elv. [*With the moſt ſupplicatory tone and manner.*] Sir—Mr. Haſwell—O, heavens! I did not know you.

Sir Luke. Come, Mr. Haſwell, this young man ſeems ſorry he has offended you—forgive him.

Lady. Aye, do, Mr. Haſwell—are you ſorry, Sir?

Elv. Wounded to the heart—and, without his pardon, ſee nothing but deſpair.

Lady. Good heavens!

Haſ. Sir Luke, my Lord Flint told me he was coming back directly—pray inform him I had buſineſs elſewhere, and cou'd wait no longer.

Exit.

Elv. O! I'm undone.

Lady. Follow him, if you have any thing to ſay?

Elv. I dare not—I feel the terror of his juſt reproach.

Lady. Did you know him in England?

Aur. Dear Madam, will you ſuffer me to ſpeak a few words——

Sir Luke. [*Aſide to Lady* Tremor] Leave her and her relation together, and let us take a turn in the garden with Mr. Twineall.—I'm afraid his Lordſhip will be back before we have drawn him to ſay any more on the ſubject, for which he is to be arreſted.

Lady. You are right.

Sir Luke. Mr. Twineall, will you walk this way?—That young lady and gentleman wiſh to have a little private converſation.

Twi. O, certainly, Sir Luke, by all means.

[*Exeunt Sir* Luke *and Lady.*

[*To* Elvirus.] I am extremely ſorry, Sir, that you kept you bed during the voyage: I ſhou'd elſe have been moſt prodigiouſly happy in ſuch good company. [*Exit.*

Aur. Why are you thus agitated? It was wrong to be ſo impetuous—but ſuch regret as this is too much.

Elv. Hear the ſecret I refuſed to tell you before—my father is a priſoner for life.

Aur. Oh, heavens! then Mr. Haſwell was the only man——

Elv. And he had promiſed me—promiſed me, with benevolence, his patronage—but the diſguiſe he wore when I firſt ſaw him, led me to miſtake his figure and appearance—has made me expoſe my falſehood, my infamy, and treat his honour'd perſon with abuſe.

Aur. Yes, let his virtues make you thus repent;

pent; but let them alſo make you hope for pardon.

Elv. Nay, he is juſt, as well as compaſſionate; and for detected falſehood——

Aur. You make me tremble.

Elv. Yet he ſhall hear my ſtory—I'll follow him, and obtain his pity, if not his forgiveneſs.

Aur. And do not bluſh, or feel yourſelf degraded, to *kneel* to him, for *he* wou'd ſcorn that pride which triumphs over the humbled. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Garden.*

Enter Sir Luke, Twineall, *and Lady* Tremor.

Twi. Why, really, Sir Luke, as my Lord has given you charge to ſound my principles, I muſt own they are juſt ſuch as I delivered them to him.

Sir Luke. Mr. Twineall, I only wiſh you to be a little more circumſtancial—we will ſuppoſe the preſent Sultan no impoſtor—yet what pretenſions do you think the *other* family poſſeſſed?

Twi. That I'll make clear to you at once—or if my reaſons are *not* very clear, they are at leaſt very *poſitive*, and that you know is the ſame thing.—This family—no—that family—the family that reigned before this—this came after that—that came before this. Now every one agrees that this family was always—ſo and ſo—[*whiſpering.*]—and that the other was always—ſo and ſo—[*whiſpering.*]—in ſhort, every body knows that one of them had always a very ſuſpicious—you know what.

Sir Luke. No, I don't.

Twi. Pſhaw—pſhaw—every body conjectures what—and though it was never ſaid in ſo many words,

words, yet it was always ſuppoſed—and though there never has been any proof, yet there have been things much more ſtrong than proof—and for that very reaſon, Sir William—(Sir Luke, I mean—I beg your pardon)—for that very reaſon—(I can't think what made me call you Sir William)—for that very reaſon—(Oh, I was thinking of Sir William Tiffany)—for that very reaſon, let people ſay what they will—*that*, *that* muſt be their opinion.—But then where is the man who will ſpeak his thoughts freely as I have done?

Enter Guards, who had been liſtening at a diſtance during this ſpeech.

Sir Luke. [*Starting.*] Bleſs my ſoul, gentlemen, you make my heart leap to my very lips.

Guard. [*To* Twineall.] Sir, you are our priſoner, and muſt go with us.

Twi. Gentlemen, you are miſtaken—I had all my clothes made in England, and 'tis impoſſible the bill can have followed me already.

Guard. You are charged with treaſon againſt the ſtate.

Twi. Treaſon againſt the ſtate?—You are miſtaken—it cannot be me.

Guard. No—there is no miſtake.—[*Pulling out a paper.*]—You are here called Henry Twineall.

Twi. But if they have left out *honourable*, it can't be me——I am the Honourable Henry Twineall.

Sir Luke. That you are to prove before your judges.

Guard. Yes, Sir—and we are witneſſes of the long ſpeech you have juſt now been making.

Twi. And pray, gentlemen, did you know what I meant by it?

Guard. Certainly.

Twi. Why, then, upon my ſoul, it is more than I did—I wiſh I may be ſacrificed——

Sir Luke. Well, well, you are *going* to be ſacrificed—Don't be impatient.

Twi. But, gentlemen—Sir Luke!

[*The Guards ſeize him.*

Lady. Dear Mr. Twineall, I am afraid you will have occaſion for the dignity of all my anceſtors to ſupport you under this trial.

Sir Luke. And have occaſion for all my courage too.

Twi. But, Sir—but, gentlemen——

Sir Luke. Oh! I wou'd not be in your coat, faſhionable as it is, for all the Sultan's dominions.

[*Exit Sir* Luke *and Lady on one ſide—* Twineall *and Guards on the other.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Priſon.*

Haſwell *and the female Priſoner diſcovered.*

Haſwell.

RATHER remain in this loathſome priſon!—refuſe the bleſſing offered you!—the bleſſing your pleaſed fancy formed ſo precious that you durſt not even truſt its reality!

Priſ. While my pleaſed *fancy* only ſaw the proſpect, I own it was delightful; but now reaſon beholds it, the view is changed—and what, in the gay dream of fond delirium, ſeemed a bleſſing, in my waking hours of ſad reflection would prove the moſt ſevere of puniſhments.

Haſ. Explain—what is the cauſe that makes you think thus?

Priſ. A cauſe that has alone for fourteen years made me reſigned to a fate like this.—When you firſt mentioned my releaſe from this dark dreary place, my wild ideas included, with the light, all that had ever made the light a bleſſing—'twas not the *ſun* I ſaw in my mad tranſport, but a loſt huſband filled my imagination—'twas his idea that gave the colours of the world their beauty, and made me fondly hope to be cheered by its brightneſs.

Haſ. A huſband!

Priſ. But the world that I was wont to enjoy

with him—to ſee again without him; every well-known object would wound my mind with dear delights for ever loſt, and make my freedom torture.

Haſ. But yet——

Priſ. Oh! on my knees a thouſand times I have thanked Heaven that *he* partook not of this dire abode—that he ſhared not with me my hard bondage—a greater bleſſing I poſſeſs'd from that reflection than all his loved ſociety cou'd have given. —But in a happy world, where ſmiling nature pours her boundleſs gifts!—oh! there his loſs wou'd be inſupportable.

Haſ. Do you lament him dead?

Pri. Yes—or, like me, a priſoner—elſe he wou'd have ſought me out—have ſought his Arabella!—[Haſwell *ſtarts*]—Why do you ſtart?

Haſ. Are you a Chriſtian?—an European?

Ara. I am.

Haſ. The name made me ſuppoſe it.—I am ſhocked that——the Chriſtian's ſufferings—[*Trying to conceal his ſurpriſe.*]—but were you made a priſoner in the preſent Sultan's reign?

Ara. I was—or I had been ſet free on his aſcent to the throne; for he of courſe gave pardon to all the enemies of the ſlain monarch, among whom I and my huſband were reckoned: but I was taken in a veſſel, where I was hurried in the heat of the battle with a party of the late Emperor's *friends* —and all theſe priſoners were by the officers of the preſent Sultan ſent to ſlavery, or confined, as I have been, in hopes of ranſom.

Haſ. And did never intelligence or inquiry reach you from your huſband?

Ara. Never.

Haſ. Never?

Ara. I was once informed of a large reward offered for the diſcovery of a female Chriſtian, and, with

with boundleſs hopes, I aſked an interview with the meſſenger; but found, on queſtioning him, *I* could not anſwer his deſcription, as he *ſecretly* informed me it was the Sultan who cauſed the ſearch, for one *himſelf* had known and dearly loved.

Haſ. Good Heaven!—[*Aſide.*]—You then conclude your huſband dead?

Ara. I do;—or, like me, by ſome miſchance, taken with the other party, and having no friend to plead his cauſe before the Emperor, whom he ſerved——

Haſ. *I*'ll plead it—ſhould I ever chance to find him—but, ere we can hope for other kindneſs, you muſt appear before the Sultan—to thank him for the favour which you now decline, and to tell the cauſe why you cannot accept it.

Ara. Alas! almoſt worn out with ſorrow—an object of affliction as I am—in pity, excuſe me—preſent my acknowledgments—my humble gratitude—but pardon my attendance.

Haſ. Nay, you muſt go—it is neceſſary—I will accompany you to his preſence.—Retire a moment; but when I ſend, be ready.

Ara. I ſhall obey. [*She bows obediently, and exit.*

[*As* Haſwell *comes down,* Elvirus *places himſelf in his path*—Haſwell *ſtops, looks at him with an auſtere earneſtneſs, which* Elvirus *obſerving, turns away his face.*

Elv. Nay, reproach me—I can bear your anger, but do not let me meet your eye—Oh! it is more awful, now I know who you are, than if you had kingdoms to diſpenſe, or could deal inſtant death.—[Haſwell *looks on him with a manly firmneſs, then walks on,* Elvirus *following him.*]—I do not plead for my father now.—Since what has paſſed, I only aſk forgiveneſs.

Haſ. Do you forgive yourſelf.
Elv. I never will.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. One of our priſoners, who, in his cell, makes the moſt piteous moans, has ſent to entreat that Mr. Haſwell will not leave this place till he has heard his complaints and ſupplications.

Haſ. Bring me to him. [*Going.*

Elv. Nay, leave me not thus—perhaps never to ſee you more!

Haſ. You ſhall ſee me again—in the mean time, reflect on what you merit. [*Exit with* Keeper.

Elv. And what is that?—Confuſion!—and yet, he ſays, I am to ſee him again—ſpeak with him perhaps.—Oh! there's a bleſſing the moſt abandoned feel, a divine propenſity (they know not why) to commune with the virtuous! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The firſt Priſon Scene.*

Enter Second Keeper, Haſwell *following.*

Haſ. Where is the poor unfortunate?

2*d Keep.* Here, Sir.

Haſ. Am I to behold greater miſery ſtill?—a ſtill greater object of compaſſion?

[*Second* Keeper *opens a door, and* Twineall *enters a priſoner, in one of the priſon dreſſes.*

Haſ. What have we here?

Twi. Don't you know me, Mr. Haſwell?

Haſ. I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon—but is it—is it?——

Twi. Why, Mr. Haſwell, if you don't know me, or won't know me, I ſhall certainly loſe my ſenſes.

Haſ.

Haſ. O, I know you—know you very well.

Twi. What, notwithſtanding the alteration in my dreſs?—there was a cruel plunder.

Haſ. O, I'll procure you that again—and, for all things elſe, I'm ſure you will have patience.

Twi. O, no, I can't—upon my ſoul I can't.—I want a little lavender water—My hair is in ſuch a trim too!—No powder—no bruſhes——

Haſ. I will provide you with them all.

Twi. But who will you provide to look at me, when I am dreſs'd?

Haſ. I'll bring all your acquaintance.

Twi. I had rather you wou'd take me to ſee them.

Haſ. Pardon me.

Twi. Dear Mr. Haſwell!—Dear Sir!—Dear friend!—What ſhall I call you?—Only ſay what title you like beſt, and I'll call you by it directly.—I always did love to pleaſe every body—and I am ſure at this time I am more in need of a friend than ever I was in my life.

Haſ. What has brought you here?

Twi. Trying to get a place.

Haſ. A place?

Twi. Yes; and you ſee I have got one—and a very bad place it is!—in ſhort, Sir, my crime is ſaid to be an offence againſt the ſtate; and they tell me no friend on earth but you can get that remitted.

Haſ. Upon my word, the pardons I have obtained are but for few perſons, and thoſe already promiſed.

Twi. O, I know I am no favourite of yours—you think me an impertinent, ſilly, troubleſome fellow, and that my conduct in life will be neither of uſe to my country nor of benefit to ſociety.

Haſ.

Haſ. You miſtake me, Sir—I think ſuch glaring imperfections as yours are, will not be of ſo much diſadvantage to ſociety as thoſe of a leſs-faulty man.—In beholding your conduct, thouſands ſhall turn from the paths of folly, to which faſhion impels them;—therefore, Mr. Twineall, if not pity for your failings, yet a concern for the good effect they may have upon the world (ſhou'd you be admitted there again) will urge me to ſolicit your releaſe.

Twi. Sir, you have ſuch powers of oratory—ſuch eloquence!—and I doubt not but you are admired by the world equally for thoſe advantages—

Enter Meſſenger *to* Haſwell.

Meſſ. Sir, the Sultan is arrived in the council chamber, and has ſent me— [*Whiſpers.*

Haſ. I come.—Mr. Twineall, farewell for the preſent. [*Exit with* Meſſenger.

Twi. Now, what was that whiſper about?—Oh, heavens! perhaps my death in agitation.—I have brought myſelf into a fine ſituation!—done it by wheedling too!

2*d Keep.* Come, your buſineſs with Mr. Haſwell being ended, return to your cell. [*Roughly.*

Twi. Certainly, Sir — certainly!—O, yes!—How happy is this priſon in having ſuch a keeper as you!—ſo mild, ſo gentle—there is ſomething about you,—I ſaid, and I thought the moment I had the *happineſs* of meeting you here,—Dear me! ſaid I—what wou'd one give for ſuch a gentleman as him in England!—You wou'd be of infinite ſervice to ſome of our young bucks, Sir.

2*d Keep.*

2*d Keep.* Go to your cell—go to your cell.
[*Roughly.*

Twi. This world wou'd be nothing without elegant manners, and elegant people in all ſtations of life.—[*Enter* Meſſenger, *who whiſpers ſecond* Keeper.]—Another whiſper! [*Terrified.*

2*d Keep.* No; come this way.—The judges are now ſitting in the hall, and you muſt come before them.

Twi. Before the judges, Sir—O, dear Sir!—what, in this deſhabille?—in this coat?—Dear me!—but to be ſure one muſt conform to cuſtoms—to the cuſtom of the country where one reſides—[*He goes to the door, and then ſtops.*]—I beg your pardon, Sir—wou'd not you chuſe to go firſt?

2*d Keep.* No.

Twi. O! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Council Chamber.*

Enter Sultan, Haſwell, *and* Guards.

Haſ. Sultan, I have gone beyond the limits of your bounty in my promiſes; and for one poor, unhappy female I have ſtill to implore your clemency.

Sul. No—you named yourſelf the number to releaſe, and it is fixed—I'll not increaſe it.

Haſ. A poor, miſerable female——

Sul. Am I leſs miſerable than ſhe is?—And who ſhall relieve me of my ſorrows?

Haſ. Then let me tell you, Sultan, ſhe is above your power to oblige, or to puniſh.—Ten years, nay more, confinement in a drear cell has been no greater puniſhment to her, than had ſhe lived in a pleaſant world without the man ſhe loved.

Sul. Hah!

Haſ. And freedom which I offered, ſhe rejects with ſcorn, becauſe he is not included in the bleſſing.

Sul. You talk of prodigies!—[*He makes a ſign for the Guards to retire, and they withdraw*]—and yet I once knew a heart equal to this deſcription.

Haſ. Nay, will you ſee her?—Witneſs yourſelf the fact?

Sul. I will—Why do I tremble?—My buſy fancy preſents an image——

Haſ. Yes, tremble! [*Threatening.*

Sul. Hah! have a care—what tortures are you preparing for me?—My mind ſhrinks at the thought.

Haſ. Your wife you will behold—whom you have kept in want, in wretchedneſs, in a damp dungeon, for theſe fourteen years, becauſe you wou'd not liſten to the voice of pity.——Dread her look—her frown—not for herſelf alone, but for hundreds of her fellow ſufferers—for while your ſelfiſh fancy was ſearching with wild anxiety, for her *you* loved, unpitying, you forgot, others might love like you.

Sul. O! do not bring me to a trial which I have not courage to ſupport.

Haſ. She attends without—I ſent for her to thank you for the favour ſhe declines.—Nay, be compoſed—ſhe knows *you* not—cannot, thus diſguiſed as the Sultan. [*Exit* Haſwell.

Sul. Oh! my Arabella! could I have thought that your approach wou'd ever impreſs my mind with horror!—or that, inſtead of flying to your arms with all the love I bear you, terror and ſhame ſhou'd fix me a ſtatue of remorſe.

Enter Haſwell, *leading* Arabella.

Haſ. Here kneel, and return your thanks.

Sul. My Arabella! worn with grief and anguiſh! [*Aſide.*

Ara. [*Kneeling to the* Sultan.] Sultan, the favour

vour you wou'd beſtow, I own, and humbly thank you for.

Sul. Gracious Heaven! [*In much agitation.*

Ara. But as I am now accuſtomed to confinement, and the brighteſt proſpect of all the world can give, cannot inſpire a wiſh that warms my heart to the enjoyment—I ſupplicate permiſſion to transfer the bleſſing you have offered, to one of thoſe who may have friends to welcome their return from bondage, and ſo make freedom precious.—I have none to rejoice at *my* releaſe—none to lament my deſtiny while a priſoner.—And were I free, in this vaſt world (forlorn and friendleſs) 'tis but a priſon ſtill.

Sul. What have I done?—[*Throwing himſelf on a ſopha with the greateſt emotion.*

Haſ. Speak to him again.—He repents of the ſeverity with which he has cauſed his fellow creatures to be uſed.—Tell him *you* forgive him.

Ara. [*Going to him.*] Believe me, Emperor, I forgive all who have ever wronged me—all who have ever cauſed my ſufferings.—Pardon *you!*—Alas! I have pardoned even thoſe who tore me from my huſband!—Oh, Sultan! all the tortures you have made me ſuffer, compared to ſuch a pang as that was—did I ſay I had forgiven thoſe enemies of my peace?—Oh! I am afraid—afraid I have not yet.

Sul. Forgive them now, then, for he is reſtored.—[*Taking off his turban.*] Behold him in the Sultan, and once more ſeal my pardon.—[*She faints on* Haſwell.]—Nay, pronounce it quickly, or my remorſe for what you have endured, will make my preſent tortures greater, than any my cruelties have yet inflicted.

Ara. [*Recovering.*] Is this the light you promiſed?—[*To* Haſwell.]—Dear precious light!—Is this my freedom? to which I bind myſelf a

ſlave for ever.—[*Embracing the* Sultan.]—Was I *your* captive?—Sweet captivity!—more precious than an age of liberty!

Sul. Oh, my Arabella! through the amazing changes of my fate, (which I will ſoon diſcloſe) think not but I have ſearched for *thee* with unceaſing care; but the bleſſing to behold you once again was left for my kind monitor alone to beſtow.——Oh, Haſwell! had I, like you, made others' miſeries my concern, like you ſought out the wretched, how many days of ſorrow had I ſpared myſelf as well as her I love—for I long ſince had found my Arabella.

Ara. Oh, Heaven! that weigheſt our ſufferings with our joys, and as our lives decline ſeeſt in the balance thy bleſſings far more ponderous than thy judgments—be witneſs, I complain no more of what I have endured, but find an ample recompence this moment.

Haſ. I told you, Sir, how you might be happy.

Sul. ——Take your reward—(to a heart like yours, more valuable than treaſure from my coffers)—this ſignet, with power to redreſs the wrongs of all my injured ſubjects.

Haſ. Valuable indeed!——

Ara. [*To* Haſwell.] Oh, virtuous man?—to reward *thee* are we made happy—to give thy pitying boſom the joy to ſee us ſo, Heaven has remitted its intended puniſhment of continued ſeparation.

Sul. Come, my beloved wife!—come to my palace—there, equally, my deareſt bleſſing, as when the cottage gave its fewer joys: and in him [*To* Haſwell] we not only find our preſent happineſs, but dwell ſecurely on our future hopes—for here, I vow, before he leaves our ſhores, I will adopt every meaſure he ſhall point out—and thoſe acts of my life whereon he ſhall lay his cenſure,

theſe

theſe will I make the ſubject of repentance. [*Exit* Sultan *and* Arabella.—Haſwell *bows to Heaven in ſilent thanks.*

Enter Keeper.

Keep. An Engliſh priſoner, juſt now condemned to loſe his head, one Henry Twineall, humbly begs permiſſion to ſpeak a few ſhort ſentences, his laſt dying words, to Mr. Haſwell.

Haſ. Condemned to loſe his head?—Lead me to him.

Keep. O, Sir, you need not hurry yourſelf—it is off by this time, I dare ſay.

Haſ. Off?

Keep. Yes, Sir—we don't ſtand long about theſe things in this country—I dare ſay it is off.

Haſ. [*Impatiently.*] Lead me to him inſtantly.

Guard. O! 'tis of conſequence, is it, Sir?—if that is the caſe——

[*Exit* Keeper, *followed by* Haſwell.

SCENE IV. *An arch-way at the top of the ſtage, through which ſeveral Guards enter*—Twineall *in the middle, dreſſed for execution, with a large book in his hand.*

Twi. One more ſtave, gentlemen, if you pleaſe.

Off. The time is expired.

Twi. One more, gentlemen, if you pleaſe.

Off. The time is expired.

Enter Haſwell.

Twi. Oh! my dear Mr. Haſwell!

[*Burſting into tears.*

Haſ.

Haſ. What, in tears at parting with me?—This is a compliment indeed!

Twi. I hope you take it as ſuch—I am ſure I mean it as ſuch.—It kills me to leave *you*—it breaks my heart;—and I once flattered myſelf ſuch a charitable, good, feeling, humane heart as you poſſeſs——

Haſ. Hold! Hold!—This; Mr. Twineall, is the vice which has driven you to the fatal precipice whereon you ſtand—and in death will you not relinquiſh it?

Twi. What vice, Sir, do you mean?

Haſ. Flattery!—a vice that renders you not only deſpicable, but odious.

Twi. But how has flattery been the cauſe?

Haſ. Your Engliſh friend, before he left the iſland, told me what information you had aſked from him, and that he had given you the direct *reverſe* of every perſon's character, as a juſt puniſhment for your mean premeditation and deſigns.

Twi. I never imagined, that amiable friend had ſenſe enough to impoſe upon any body!

Haſ. And I preſume, he could not ſuppoſe, that fate wou'd carry reſentment to a length like this.

Twi. Oh! cou'd fate be arreſted in its courſe!

Haſ. You wou'd reform your conduct?

Twi. I wou'd—I wou'd never ſay another civil thing to any body—never—never again make myſelf agreeable.

Haſ. Releaſe him—here is the Sultan's ſignet. [*They releaſe him.*

Twi. Oh! my dear Mr. Haſwell! never was compaſſion!—never benevolence!—never ſuch a heart as yours!

Haſ. Seize him—he has broken his contract already.

Twi. No, Sir,—No, Sir—I proteſt you are an illnatured, ſurly, crabbed fellow. I always thought ſo, upon my word, whatever I may have ſaid.

Haſ. And, I'll forgive *that* language ſooner than the other—utter any thing but flattery.—Oh! never let the honeſt, plain, *blunt*, Engliſh name, become a proverb for ſo baſe a vice.

Lady Tre. [*Without.*] Where is the poor creature?

Enter Lady Tremor.

Lady. Oh! if his head be off, pray let me *look* at it.

Twi. No, Madam, it is on—and I am very happy to tell you ſo.

Lady. Dear Heaven!—I expected to have ſeen it off!—but no matter—as it is on, I am come that it may be kept on—and have brought my Lord Flint, and Sir Luke, as witneſſes.

Enter Lord Flint, Aurelia, *and* Sir Luke.

Haſ. Well, and what have they to ſay?

Sir Luke. Who are we to tell our ſtory to?—There does not ſeem to be any one ſitting in judgement.

Haſ. Tell it to me, Sir—I will report it.

Sir Luke. Why then, Mr. Haſwell, as Ghoſts ſometimes walk—and as one's conſcience is ſometimes troubleſome—I think Mr. Twineall has done nothing to merit death; and the charge which his Lordſhip ſent in againſt him, we begin to think was too haſtily made—but, if there was any falſe ſtatement——

Lord. It was the fault of my not charging my memory.

memory.—Any error I have been guily of, muſt be laid to the fault of my total want of memory.

Haſ. And what do you hope from this confeſſion?

Sir Luke. To have the priſoner's puniſhment of death remitted for ſome more favorable ſentence.

Lord. Yes—for ten or twelve years impriſonment —or the Gallies for fourteen years—or———

Sir Luke. Ay, ay, ſomething in that mild way.

Haſ. For ſhame—for ſhame Gentlemen!—the extreme rigour you ſhew in puniſhing a diſſention from your opinion, or a ſatire upon your folly, proves to conviction, what reward you had beſtowed upon the *ſkilful* flatterer.

Twi. Gentlemen and Ladies, pray why wou'd you wiſh me requited with ſuch extreme ſeverity, merely for my humble endeavours to make myſelf agreeable?—Lady Tremor, upon my honour I was credibly informed, your anceſtors were Kings of Scoland.

Lady. Impoſſible!—you might as well ſay that you heard Sir Luke had diſtinguiſhed himſelf at the battle of———

Twi. And, I *did* hear ſo.

Lady. And he *did* diſtinguiſh himſelf; for he was the only one who ran away.

Twi. Cou'd it happen?

Lady. Yes, Sir, it did happen.

Sir Luke. And go *you*, Mr. Twineall, into a field of battle, and I think it is very likely to happen again.

Lord. If Mr. Haſwell has obtained your pardon, Sir, it is all very well—but let me adviſe you to conceal your ſentiments on politics for the future—as you value that pretty head.

Twi. I thank you, Sir—I do value it.

Enter

Enter Elvirus.

Haſ. [*Going to him.*] Aurelia, in this letter to me, has explained your ſtory with ſo much compaſſion, that, I muſt pity it too.—With freedom to your father, and yourſelf, the Sultan reſtores his forfeited lands—and might I plead, Sir Luke, for your intereſt with Aurelia's friends, this young man's filial love, ſhou'd be repaid by conjugal affection.

Sir Luke. As for that, Mr. Haſwell, you have ſo much intereſt at court, that your taking the young man under your protection, is at once making his fortune; and as Aurelia was ſent hither merely to get a huſband, I don't ſee——

Aur. True, Sir Luke—and I am afraid my father and mother will begin to be uneaſy that I have not procured one yet; and I ſhou'd be very ſorry to grieve them.

Elv. No—ſay rather, ſorry to make me wretched. [*Taking her hand.*

Enter Zedan.

Haſ. My Indian friend, have you received your freedom?

Zed. Yes—and come to bid you farewell—which I wou'd *never* do, had I not a family in ſorrow till my return—for you ſhou'd be my maſter, and I *wou'd* be your ſlave.

Haſ. I thank you—may you meet at home every comfort!

Zed. May you—may you—what ſhall I ſay?—May you once in your life be a priſoner—then releaſed—to feel ſuch joy, as I feel now!

Haſ. I thank you for a wiſh, that tells me moſt emphatically, how much you think I have ſerved you.

Twi. And, my dear Lord, I ſincerely wiſh you may once in your life, have your head chopped off—juſt to know what I ſhou'd have felt, in that ſituation.

Zed. [*Pointing to* Haſwell.] Are all his country-men as good as he?

Sir Luke. No-no-no-no—not *all*—but the worſt of them are good enough to admire him.

Twi. Pray, Mr. Haſwell, will you ſuffer all theſe encomiums?

Elv. He *muſt* ſuffer them—there are virtues, which praiſe cannot taint—ſuch are Mr. Haſwell's—for they are the offspring of a mind, ſuperior even to the love of fame—neither can he through malice, ſuffer by applauſe; for his character is too ſacred to incite envy, and conciliates the reſpect, the love, and the admiration of all mankind.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

Written by MILES-PETER ANDREWS, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

SINCE all are ſprung, they ſay, from Mother Earth,
Why ſtamp a merit or diſgrace on birth?
Yet ſo it is, how ever we diſguiſe it,
All boaſt their origin, or elſe deſpiſe it.
This pride or ſhame haunts ev'ry living ſoul
From Hyde-Park Corner, down to Limehouſe Hole:
Peers, taylors, poets, ſtateſmen, undertakers,
Knights, ſquires, man-milliners, and peruke-makers.
Sir Hugh Glengluthglin, from the land of goats,
Tho' out at elbows, ſhews you all his coats;
And rightful heir to *twenty pounds* per annum,
Boaſts the rich blood that warm'd his great great gran-
nam;
While wealthy Simon Soapſuds; juſt be-knighted,
Struck with the ſword of ſtate, is grown dim-ſighted,
Forgets the neighbouring chins he uſed to lather,
And ſcarcely knows he ever had a father.

Our Author, then, correct in every line,
From nature's characters hath pictur'd mine,
For many a lofty fair, who, friz'd and curl'd,
With creſt of horſe hair, tow'ring thro' the world,
To powder, paſte, and pins, ungrateful grown,
Thinks the full periwig is all her own;
Proud of her conquering ringlets, onward goes,
Nor thanks the barber, from whoſe hands ſhe roſe.

Thus doth falſe pride fantaſtic minds miſlead,
And make our weaker ſex ſeem weak indeed:
Suppoſe, to prove this truth, in mirthful ſtrain,
We bring the *Dripping family* again.—
Papa, a tallow chandler by deſcent,
Had read "how *larning* is moſt excellent:"
So Miſs, return'd from boarding ſchool at Bow,
Waits to be finiſh'd by Mama and Co.—

"*See,*

EPILOGUE.

" *See, ſpouſe, how ſpruce our Nan is grown, and tall;*
" *I'll lay, ſhe cuts a daſh at Lord Mayor's ball.*"—
In bolts the maid—" *Ma'am! Miſs's maſter's come;*"—
Away fly Ma' and Miſs to dancing room—
" *Walk in, Mounſeer; come* Nan, *draw up like me.*"—
" *Ma foi! Madame, Miſs like you as two pea.*"
Mounſeer takes out his kit; the ſcene begins;
Miſs truſſes up; my lady Mother grins;
" *Ma'amſelle; me teach-a you de ſtep to tread;*
" *Firſt turn you toe, den turn you littel head;*
" *One, two, dree, ſinka, riſa, balance; bon,*
" *Now entrenchat, and now de cotillon.*
[Singing and dancing about.
" *Pardieu, Ma'amſelle be one enchanting girl;*
" *Me no ſurpriſe to ſee her ved an Earl.*"—
" *With all my heart, ſays Miſs; Mounſeer, I'm ready;*
" *I dream'd laſt night, Ma, I ſhould be a Lady.*"

Thus do the *Drippings*, all important grown,
Expect to ſhine with luſtre not their own;
New airs are got, freſh graces, and freſh waſhes,
New caps, new gauze, new feathers, and new ſaſhes;
Till juſt complete for conqueſt at Guildhall
Down comes an order to ſuſpend the ball.
Miſs ſhrieks, Ma' ſcolds, Pa' ſeems to have loſt his tether;
Caps, cuſtards, coronets—all ſink together—
Papa reſumes his jacket, dips away,
And Miſs lives ſingle till next Lord Mayor's day.

If ſuch the *ſorrow*, and if ſuch the ſtrife,
That break the comforts of domeſtic life,
Look to the hero, who this night appears,
Whoſe boundleſs excellence the World reveres:
Who, friend to nature, by no blood confin'd,
Is the glad relative of all mankind.

E. Cox & Son,
75, Great Queen Street.